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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The work of "raising the condition of the masses"—as Mr. Lloyd George loves to put it—by lowering the condition of the classes has gone on all through the week. It began with a speech by Mr. Asquith full of hard figures, and ended with a sentiment by Mr. Lloyd George full of gush. Mr. Asquith, for the bankers, brought in a mass of figures to show that the best of all lands for the rich man is England. Mr. Asquith and his colleagues have also brought in a mass of figures to show that the best of all possible countries for the labouring man is England. The British Dives and the British Lazarus, if they rashly venture out of this country, will rush back to shelter as fast as they can! We know now where is that "Happy Land" as to which the little girl in Mrs. Hemans was so curious.

The Radical ideal of to-day is to live, not on your own interest, but on the capital of somebody else. It is very much this spirit that animates the whole Budget—it's your capital we want. But this beyond all question is the spirit of Mr. Lloyd George's death duties Resolution. No honest Radical will deny it. It was hard before under Sir William Harcourt's figures, it will be in many cases impossible under Mr. Lloyd George's, for landowners to settle with the State, save by selling some of their land. Henceforth the man of property is to be hit hard in two ways: there is to be not only a heavy income tax at his expense, there is to be a crushing capital tax into the bargain. One begins to understand more clearly now why it is that Mr. Snowden is enthusiastic over these Resolutions.

The danger of this new attack on capital, as distinguished from mere income, has been well shown by

several speakers this week. Captain Pretymann, for example, made a moderate and interesting speech on the subject on Wednesday. But are such arguments as he put forward really much good save for strictly intellectual purposes? We question it. Argument, no doubt, for the argumentative, but plunder for the professional politician on the make: if he does not hesitate to steal the Sinking Fund, why should he hesitate to lay greedy hands on capital? Unfortunately what one Chancellor of the Exchequer seizes on, right or wrong, his successor has a way of sticking to. We cannot forget that Sir William Harcourt's successor, though a Conservative, stuck to the death duties as if he loved them. However we trust that the ill Mr. Lloyd George does will not live a great while after him. The first thing a Conservative Government should do when it comes into office is to put a sponge over his dirty Welsh slate.

Mr. Balfour's criticisms of the Death Duties resolution were searching and pointed. Surely, if there is such a thing as injustice in taxation, it is unjust to tax equally the man who comes into valuable property that bears income and the man who comes into valuable property that bears no income. Henceforth it will be worth no man's while to keep anything in his family unless it regularly brings in money. Mr. Balfour on Friday, at the Women's Unionist and Tariff Reform Association, drew the proper conclusion from these amazing proposals. They show that the free trade system has broken down by every test that can be applied to it.

By the way, why is not Mr. Bonar Law put on oftener in these Budget debates? When Mr. Balfour is away, he is the one man on the Opposition side really equal to the demands of debate. Why is Mr. Austen Chamberlain always put on and never Mr. Bonar Law? As Mr. Austen Chamberlain goes, he has been doing very well; but a bludgeon is no good against a rapier. Mr. Chamberlain has none of the deftness, the agility required to smother a man like Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Bonar Law has. He is a ready and acute debater; and in these Budget matters he is in his element. It is downright stupidity not to make the most of the material we have.

Anyone would think that we had so many brilliant debaters that it was impossible to find more than an occasional opening for one of Mr. Bonar Law's calibre. We are quite aware that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, which puts him on the expert plane. This may give him a prior claim. But the interests of the party must come first; nobody's prior claim nor anything of that sort ought to be allowed to come in the way. We should not be surprised if a good many Unionist members were thinking much as we are on this head.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby made a capital point in this debate. The raising of the stamp duty on land, he said, is an extraordinary reversal of what he had always supposed was the doctrine of the Liberal party. This is quite true. In the Stamp Acts either no stamp duty, or a nominal or fixed instead of the usual *ad valorem* duty, has been a favour to workmen's building societies. The Government are wanting to encourage small holdings and they double the stamp duties on transfers of small parcels of land! This is increasing legal expenses, and Liberal politicians have always declared that legal expenses hindered the free transfer of land.

The name Bacon has been more to the front in politics this week than for several centuries. To judge by Mr. McKenna's hot eulogy of Captain Bacon's letters to the First Sea Lord, he might, indeed, like his namesake, be among the "greatest, wisest . . . of mankind"; though there seems to be some reservation, even in Mr. McKenna's mind, as to the reference Captain Bacon made to a brother officer in his famous letter to the Admiralty. Mr. McKenna says he regrets this personal touch very much; it ought to have been edited away ere the letter was printed, and would have been, had not the authorities been so busy at the time. Yet in the same breath Mr. McKenna hastens to say that it was a very able letter! There are ways of apologising for an affront that are worse than the affront. As if, for example, you knock a man down, and then say to him: "I am exceedingly sorry; I ought not to have struck you; but what a very able arm!"

As a rule people get into hot water through writing indiscreet letters. It is odd that at the Admiralty the thing should be quite the other way. Lord Tweedmouth got into hot water—some still say he got out of office—through receiving a letter from the German Emperor; and now his successor has got into it through Sir John Fisher receiving a letter from Captain Bacon. But who let the letter out of the Admiralty bag? Amid all the questions showered on the Government on Wednesday and Thursday this little matter seems to have been overlooked. Who was the babbling brook this time? Alas! not only does the Admiralty fail to get at the secrets of other fleets—it can't even keep its own when a Radical Government is in office.

Lord Roberts, in the Lords' army debate on Tuesday, built to even startling effect on a very solid foundation laid by the Duke of Bedford. The Duke had given facts and figures to show that the Army was rather in a weaker than stronger state than before Mr. Haldane took it over. Especially he showed many of Mr. Haldane's best trumpeted novelties—the Officers' Training Corps, for instance—but old things under a new name. Lord Roberts gave the House the intent of all this. The Government assure the nation there is no danger; that we have all the men we want. Consequently the public, ever unconcerned about military matters, does not look into the Army question for itself. It does not realise that "War is not a sham, but our Army is a sham", "We have no Army. We have neither an Army to send abroad nor an Army to defend the country at home". These are Lord Roberts' words. They may be wild, but at any rate they are the words of the man whom the country counts our greatest general and whom the public only a short time since acclaimed the greatest soldier of the day. If they think so highly of him, should they not take his words seriously?

Sir Ian Hamilton has taken the pledge—for a year. Will pledge or limitation more impress the soldier? This zeal for temperance is commendable, of course, but it need not have carried away Sir Ian Hamilton to wholesale charges of drunkenness against the officers of an earlier time. The men of the past are not here to defend themselves; and Sir Ian would be the first to admit that these men, at any rate, managed to do much excellent work. It is better to judge posterity, for they, at any rate, will have a chance of answering what we have said of them.

Dr. Rutherford succeeded in packing a mischievous amount of partisan nonsense into his speech on the Lords' amendments to the Indian Councils Bill. It was a mischievous speech because it played up deliberately to the agitator, who will quote it as his authority for saying that the House of Lords obstructs and intends to obstruct progressive legislation in India. Radical criticisms were blown into thin air by Mr. Hobhouse. The Indian Councils Bill, as it now stands, is a compromise based on an understanding between the two Front Benches in the House of Commons. In other words, the Government themselves have, by their action, admitted the reasonableness of the position taken up by the Lords, and their Bill is now in the nature of an experiment instead of a leap in the dark. Legislative developments in India will depend on the success which attends the working of the present measure.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's imperialism takes a curiously atomic form, and if all the Colonial Governments who are to be represented at the Conference on Defence this summer shared his views, the delegates might as well remain at home. He has informed the British Government that in his opinion it would not be wise for the Canadian Navy—which has yet to be created—to be part of the Imperial Navy. What good end either to Canada or the Empire can a few sporadic vessels independent of the imperial forces serve in any conceivable circumstances? New Zealand's gift of a Dreadnought is of tangible and practical value. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is contradictory: he talks of acting in accordance with the views of the Admiralty and demurs to the only course the Admiralty could approve. Canada's naval proposals might be likened to the action of a man who ostentatiously makes another a present which he intends to keep for his own enjoyment.

An undercurrent of doubt qualified the optimism of the speeches at the South African dinner on Tuesday. Lord Selborne has earned the encomiums passed on him by Lord Crewe. What light there is in the South African prospect comes from the personality of the High Commissioner. Neither Sir Somerset French on behalf of Cape Colony, nor Sir William Arbuckle on behalf of Natal, is very confident as to the future. The one took comfort from the fact that the new constitution would not be as the laws of the Medes and the Persians; the other said that he would be a bold man who would foretell the turn events might take. There was enthusiasm on every account except the greatest of all. When Sir William Arbuckle said that he did not intend to criticise the draft act of union that evening, he hinted by inference at the weak links in the chain from the British point of view. We do not wonder that Natal regards the form closer union has assumed, as did the King of Denmark his marriage with his brother's queen, "with an auspicious and a drooping eye".

The gist of the Emperor Francis Joseph's toast-speech at the meeting with the Kaiser was that Germany and Italy by backing up Austria-Hungary had assured the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. This is what it amounts to stripped of pompous phrasing. Similarly the Kaiser's reply calls Europe to witness to the unabated vitality of the Triple Alliance. The Kaiser had just come from meeting the King of Italy at Brindisi; and the joint telegram to the King and the warm references to Italy in the speeches all heightened the impression designed.

Francis Joseph, it is true, referred to "all the Powers" as being united in the sincere endeavour to preserve peace; but there is no mistaking his meaning that it was

the Triple Alliance that had secured for Austria-Hungary what she wanted without war. People who are unfriendly to Germany may sneer that Austria-Hungary has run up a heavy debt with Germany for the future. But Austria-Hungary, for the present, seems very well satisfied. Those who always fancy that Italy pants to have done with the Alliance will be disappointed to find that the Italians are quite delighted with the speeches of the two Emperors. They elevated their crests because "the Italian ally" has been referred to in warm and moving language, and has been made out to be so important.

As the French postmen made such a poor show of their own strike against the Government, they ought not to complain that other workmen have not supported them by a general strike. The General Federation of Labour have formally ordered a general strike; but most of the trades refuse to obey: even the railwaymen, who were relied on most. At a big meeting the postmen and railway men who a short time ago were swearing to stand by each other hurled reproaches and cried traitor at large, and got near to a general *mêlée*. It looks like an absurdity to have a general strike for the sake of only about five hundred postmen who remain out. However, either bluffingly or seriously, the General Federation of Labour assert that there will actually be a general strike within the next three or four days.

Our Government's project for establishing labour exchanges and compulsory insurance against unemployment is at the extremely early stage when everybody appears to approve. The secretary of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union alone was cold to the labour exchanges. He said the present Board of Trade exchange for sailors is no good, and is never made any use of. Mr. Churchill explained the scheme generally, but there is no Bill prepared yet, and this is one of the things, like old-age pensions, which are very good in principle, but may be very bad in detail.

Mr. F. E. Smith said the scheme was worthy of being supported by all parties in the House. We believe it is, too; but one of the Labour members said the Government were going to bring out the Right to Work Bill in penny numbers. If there should be any appearance of truth in this, when the Bill is produced the approval would be of a more mixed than unanimous character. The eagerness of the Labour members to push on the Bill would look suspicious, and Mr. Churchill's plan would come to grief.

The "Daily News" has let loose one of its lions on Mr. John Burns. We are not sure whether this particular lion is a fine young male or a tooth-worn old man-eater, but whichever it be it growls quite horribly. Mr. Burns, in a speech the other day, hinted that Poor-law Reform might be taken up by about the Parliament after the next; meanwhile, he suggests, large powers may well be given to himself to work certain reforms. It is this that makes either the young Socialist or the old Radical of the "Daily News" so angry. We should have thought that Mr. Burns' saying would rather please his side than otherwise. Next Parliament is pretty sure not to be a Liberal Parliament; and no sane man could imagine this Parliament reforming the Poor Law. But perhaps Mr. Burns' real offending has little to do with the Poor Law. He has been praised in certain Conservative journals lately. Hence these roars.

The Irish members in the House this week have been in a sad state from not knowing what to do about the Budget. They are ordered to vote both ways, without official reasons; and, to make it worse, they have been complaining of their leader, who has left them again and again to drift in their uncertainty, while "our people" at home think the patriots are all "fightin' for the Cause". There is something even worse than that, a feeling that the leaders are making for some sort of right-about-face. The dreaded development is in the direction of clerical respectability (including Mr. Gwynn); and so the growing anti-clericalism at the other end of the party suggests instincts of self-preservation.

As a searcher into convent mysteries, Captain Craig is not more entertaining than Mr. T. P. O'Connor as a Defender of the Faith; and the annual occasion on Tuesday made a welcome opportunity for Mr. O'Connor, who for some time had not been wholly trusted by "the Cause", which at many points is a little suspicious of "expert" journalism. After his pretty speech, he must return to "grace", and so prolong his "struggle for Ireland"—on the whole, the pleasantest sort of struggling that we know. As to the convents, there may be good reasons for inspection for anything we know, but the "unmentionable reasons" are bosh. The Nun of Kenmare, while betraying her regret that she could not find more to expose, denounced the vulgar theories on which the Ulster people are always spinning their mysteries.

At one end of the Suffragette agitation Lord Curzon sees some women of intellect, at the other hooligans. Many of us see Eve in the middle of—indeed all through—the movement. Lord Curzon did not mince his words in his speech on Tuesday. If Liberal leaders had been from the start as outspoken and fearless as he can afford to be, this agitation would probably have been ended ere now. We may give an example of the kind of thing that influences a woman. One of the leading, at any rate one of the loudest, Suffragettes chanced to be in the midst of a Suffragette crowd before she herself had taken up the cause. She was mistaken by the police for one of the culprits and taken to the police court. At once she became an ardent Suffragette. How true to the logic of her sex!

In the deceased wife's sister case Mr. Justice Bray went out of his province—a little weakness hardly a judge of any degree escapes—in telling the Court that he was privately glad that the decision would be against what he believed to be the law. A judge's satisfaction or dissatisfaction at the result of a case is no more relevant than the feelings of a cat. But it is very pertinent that Mr. Justice Bray found himself forced by conviction to decide in favour of Canon Thompson against his own wish. If other judges would thus decide according to law and leave public policy alone, we should get better justice than we do. Sir Lewis Dibdin might learn much from Mr. Justice Bray. Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence, who decided against the Canon, is a strong and able judge, too. It seems a sort of freak that the casting vote, as it were, in this grave case—very serious in its consequences to both parties—should have been left to Mr. Justice Darling—a brilliant farceur, Puck in a wig.

The wife may de cease, but the sister seems likely to go on for ever. Certainly the judgment in Canon Thompson's case will do nothing to put her out of public talk. Appeal may be taken for granted, and if the ultimate decision should be against Canon Thompson, the serious phase of the matter will only then begin. Many clergymen have consciences, and these will not feel able to accept Mr. Justice Bray's advice to "sacrifice their consciences". And the Bishops, even the most compromising of them, will hardly like to see their sons in God sent to prison for conscience' sake. This is no matter of ritual nor anything external, and no question of Popery can be imported into it; so we doubt whether the general public, though opposed to the clergymen's position, would stand their being sent to prison for obeying their conscience in a matter not of law, but morality. Here may be the beginning of much scandal and trouble of all sorts.

At the dinner of the Oxford Graduates' Medical Club Lord Curzon well reminded us of the forgotten glories of Oxford science. How many Oxford men know who Linacre was, or Sydenham, "the father of practical medicine"? How many realise that Wren was an Oxford man and a scientist before he was an architect? In taking up science again—late enough—Oxford is not breaking with tradition, but making amende to it. The humanities have no ground for jealousy.

Mr. Wells has been sketching the intellectual and moral characteristics of his socialist friends. Mr. Shaw

is amongst them; and Mr. Shaw responds with a character-sketch of Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells did not get any new effects into Mr. Shaw's picture. Mr. Shaw's drawing of Mr. Wells is fresher; though it rather reminds us of the model Major-General in "The Sorcerer". Mr. Wells, as Mr. Shaw sees him, is a composite of all the vanities and perversities of all the socialist leaders, of a spoiled child and an operatic tenor. "I never met such a chap; I could not survive meeting such another." If Wells retires and writes novels, he says, because socialists are vain and spiteful, he will be too simple and irrelevant for anything. We are all vain and spiteful. To complain of this is to complain that the leaves are green and the sky blue. It is very clever of Mr. Shaw to explain so patiently to the clever Mr. Wells something so very obvious.

The ignoble public may thank its stars, certainly not itself, that it just escaped treating George Meredith as it treated John Davidson. At the end of his life—only not too late—Meredith's wit and epigram was able to pierce the hide of the ungainly pachyderm. It took fifty years to get through. Those who did not read Meredith condemned his obscurity and immorality; others who could not understand him said there was nothing in him to understand. Why could not he express deep thoughts, if he had any, as plainly as Marie Corelli? Meredith could see the difference between convention and morality; he would use words in their proper sense, not as misused by the public. These were his two great offences. But the elect, *oi xapierres*, stood by Meredith; and in the end the public, a little alarmed, began to think it would not do to neglect him any more. Meredith's novels became fashionable.

The cackle of praise must have been as trying to Meredith as the long neglect—it is about as intelligent. How this fastidious artist would have shrunk from the collection of clichés that greeted his death. "It is difficult to realise that George Meredith is dead." "The death of Mr. Meredith created a painful impression in London." "The English-speaking race stands in spirit to-day besides the mortal frame, pulseless at last." It really is hard on the most brilliant phrase-maker English has ever had that the Press could not find something a little fresher to say of him than that. If there was flattery in the newspaper encomiums, it did not take the proverbial sincerest form. Meredith dominated words in prose as Swinburne dominated them in metre. He could do with them what he would.

We note with very real regret the carping criticism that is being kept up in the press and in places where men gather of the appeal for money to buy the Norfolk Holbein. Until the money is got and the picture saved for the country, surely all questions of the Duke's conduct, of Messrs. Colnaghi's conduct, of the policy generally of all such "deals", may be put on one side. Are we not all agreed that the picture must be kept? It will not be kept unless the money is got in a certain time. For the present, then, no other issue counts. We are quite alive to the importance of the matters the Art Collectors' Protection Association has been formed to deal with; but we say, let us get this money for the Holbein first, and take up these other questions afterwards.

The mysterious airship has been busy all the week. Some hundreds of people have written to the press to say they have seen it. It is odd that so many of these people live in some such place as Newington Causeway or Stratford. Whether the airship held German waiters or inhabitants of Mars was not known. But the mystery is over. Many airships are at work. They are being used by some enterprising advertiser, who will disclose his identity when he has sufficiently worked up the sensation. They must be a venturesome crew who man them. It is as easy to keep an airship up in a gale as to keep an umbrella open. Hence there is some consolation in the knowledge that our military airships will not fly. With a retrenching Government in office our Army is small enough as it is.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

FOR most educated English people, especially of the younger generation, it has always seemed unthinkable that "Richard Feverel" appeared in the same year with "Adam Bede". The very name of Meredith has a contemporary sound, and to multitudes of still growing minds his work is nothing if not the intimate mirror of contemporary ideas and susceptibilities. From the first he excited wonder, by his analytic genius and consummate eclecticism of thought no less than by idiosyncrasy of style. But the wonder is yet with us. It is still, in essence, the wonder of an age beholding itself; and the glass is untarnished.

It is peculiar to Meredith that his importance as a writer may be determined, not only by the intrinsic force and complexity of his art, but also by the doubts and questions he stirs concerning art itself. To study him with any reasonable appreciation is also to face all sorts of new aesthetic problems; the function and future of the novel, the true province of poetry, the lawful scope of metaphor and impressionism in language, the limits (for the artist) of conscious intellectuality. Confronted by efforts of thought and expression quite original, we have to measure their success by our own unaided perceptions or not at all. And when all is said, though there are people who do not think it worth while to "plough through" Meredith, nobody denies his perturbing reality as a force in letters. We may say if we like that simplicity of outline belongs to all great art, and we may deny simplicity of outline to Meredith's art, but something withholds us from pressing the syllogism to its conclusion. The number of important minds who discover in these poems and novels a profound refreshment and stimulus is a fact that cannot be explained away. Meredith in short, even if we do not like him, insensibly modifies our canons of taste. His extraordinary output is like that Lesbian architecture of which Aristotle somewhere speaks, which had to be measured with a leaden rule—a rule not rigid but adapting itself to the shape of the store.

What would be thought of Meredith's work in an age of unconscious creation, an age of spontaneous lyric and drama, we cannot surmise. His significance for us—the value we assign to his copious and prismatic genius—lies in the strange felicity with which he catches and reflects the moods of an epoch essentially critical and civilised. Of all modern writers he is the most orchestral. More boldly than any other writer he has attempted what no man can attain; a symphony of that complex world of feeling, self-conscious and highly cultivated, on which the modern spirit feeds. In all his work the Meredithian tone, temper, and outlook upon life are unmistakable. But so broad, and, above all, so balanced, is his mental quality, that no convenient symbol can be found to summarise him. Naturally a humanist of the stamp of Montaigne, his perceptions and sensibilities are refined to the last point, and multiplied a hundredfold by the epoch in which he happened to be born. For pure equilibrium of mind he has no rival, except Pater, in modern English literature. He is conspicuously a poet of nature, but he is also the poet of social subtleties. At once he is a mystic and a rationalist. He cries "More brain, O Lord, more brain!" and yet recognises that the soul gets only a "dusty answer" to mere intellectual questionings of life. Frankly modern in his morality,

"To kiss the season and shun regrets",

he has nothing in common with the Nietzschean anarchism, the cult of crude instinct, that infects so much modern thought.

With the scientific doctrines of his century, on their evolutionary side especially, Meredith is thoroughly imbued. He carries them into his study of human character. But science for him is no solvent of human tradition. He defends our social order, and repeatedly

asserts, in one form or other, that it is founded in "right reason". A worshipper of Nature in her quiet and domestic aspects, he is quite alien from the small poet's affectation of the quiet life. He denies that life is well spent in the "long drawing of an equal breath". "Peace," he declares, is "our lullaby word for decay." With an intuition half Keltic he pierces English foibles; but no poet, and certainly no novelist, is more firmly rooted in English soil than he. In his "comic spirit", of which he discoursed so consciously and charmingly, again we see this fine equipoise incarnate. He calls his "Egoist" a comedy; and so it is, in the purely Meredithian sense. His comic spirit is nothing more nor less than sanity surveying civilisation. We will not labour the point. Every facet of Meredith's genius presents the sort of antithesis we have suggested. He is a bundle of keen but perfectly distributed nerves. The fascination and secret of his individuality lies, if anywhere, in this central control. Apart from some such secret, a talent so manifold and highly strung had endless possibilities of riot.

All this, of course, points the weakness of Meredith as well as his strength. That intellect and imagination should play together in a sort of counteraction is just the requisite for criticism of the first order. For creation, for the poet, something more is needed. It is not enough to balance the intellectual and imaginative gifts. They must be fused. In Meredith's work such unity is rare. He is supreme as conscious critic of life in the most conscious age the world has yet produced. As poet and even as dramatic creator of men and women in fiction, he falls short precisely at the point where all analysis, however delicate, must fail. Analysis will go a long way; qualified as it is in Meredith by so many of the poetic sensibilities, it is capable at least of brilliant types. Purely as types (or perhaps symbols would be here a better word) the Meredithian men and women are marvellous studies. It is Meredith's glory to have extended the range of the novel; to have brought within its scope the gossamer of emotion, the very flotsam of thought. But it is not strictly true to say that he added greatly to "the portrait gallery of English fiction". His Claras and Rhodas and Richards are not additions. They are a new thing, a thing for the brain rather than for the eye. Meredith's gallery is his own. We do not disparage it. We only say that it is not continuous, for example, with Fielding's. To study Meredith's characters is to intensify enormously our perception of modern humanity. As for his persons in particular we learn all about them, but it is doubtful whether we should know them even if we met them. Nor is this distinction necessarily due to the minute method which Meredith employs. Elizabeth Bennett is stippled, but her total effect is quite single. Meredith, with means and gifts immeasurably more complex than Jane Austen's, would never have given us such a figure. Creative power of this sort is a mystery; we can say no more. Meredith has his own greatness, in a different kind.

Much nonsense has always been talked about Meredith's style; nonsense because all discussion of style, as something apart from thought, can only be futile. Temperament is the only key to style in so sincere a writer. The things which interested Meredith were mostly things which in their nature defied a "plain" statement. "Half-intuitions, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions", which, according to Lamb, have no place in the Scotsman's brain or vocabulary, are for Meredith the intimate stuff of literature. Such things as these could hardly be expressed in the English of Macaulay. Meredith, in fact, is perpetually doing what Lamb's Scotsman never does: "stooping to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not". All Meredithians are aware of this habit. It is precisely what they enjoy. We have ourselves heard a Meredithian exclaim: "I have read Meredith sixteen times, and now I enjoy his misses as much as

his hits". Vagueness itself had no terrors for this poet of colour and fugitive emotion.

"Faith that never frets
For vagueness in the form"

is his explicit rule of life.

We have spoken of Meredith's addiction to his own soil, and it is delightful to recognise how peculiarly full of English sentiment he was. His novels abound with the mellow and subtle pleasures of civilised English life, and the "Earth" which means so much in his poetry is essentially the earth of Hampshire woodlands. The inspiration he gets from nature is close at home. It does not live, like Shelley's, in clouds and winds, nor in the sea, like Swinburne's. The primeval and solemn glories, which appealed to Wordsworth, he can often pass by. What is necessary to him is the "good gross earth" of the forest, with its "rubble of woody wreck", the warm silence in which he can observe growing things, or share (like his own "Melampus") the life of hedgehog and squirrel at play. Meredith and Thomas Hardy are the only really great modern writers who can be said to draw their sustenance direct from native English ground. With Hardy, however, colour, though he loves it, is subordinate to form. For Meredith colour is "the soul's bridegroom". He takes no sinister pleasure in the weird moor, the decaying tree, the patch of fungus on the bark. His sympathy as artist, like his creed of life, is with growth and brightness; with the anemone, the basking insect, and the bird notes he often describes with so delicate a realism. Devotion to this soil and passionate care for the future of England could not fail to be deeply engrained in a character thus nurtured.

"Whate'er I be, old England is my dam!"

is the cry of his "Old Chartist" "returning home from transportation". With all his subtlety and marvellous intellectual endowment, we shall remember Meredith not least as a fine Englishman.

INCOME TAX AND STAMPS.

THE intervention of the Prime Minister on Monday evening saved the discussion of the resolutions on the income tax from sinking into triviality and dulness. Mr. Asquith took the opportunity, while nominally answering Sir Frederick Banbury's speech, of replying to the memorial from the bankers and financiers in the City. The Prime Minister was grave, dignified, and cogent, as is his wont, and his speech was a welcome relief from the incorrigible and most distasteful levity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But Mr. Asquith only answered the bankers by assuming that which has to be proved, namely, whether the just and safe limits of direct taxation have not already been reached. Of the £13,000,000 of new taxes proposed £10,000,000, in round numbers, are levied on income and capital, and £3,000,000 on commodities. Is that a fair proportion? We say not. The income tax and death duties together make a tax of, speaking in averages, at least 10 per cent. on the savings either of the possessor or his predecessor. Is not that, in time of peace, too high an impost? We submit that it is. The super-tax on incomes over £5000 is admittedly leviable on a handful of persons not exceeding ten thousand. Is so small a minority a safe basis on which to rest so large a portion of the national revenue? We emphatically deny that it is, as do the merchants and bankers of the City, whose weighty and temperately reasoned remonstrance the Prime Minister does not dispose of by referring to the rate of income tax in Germany and the proposed income tax in France. Germany and France are land powers marching with one another, who have waged war upon each other, and who are obliged to keep up huge armies. Moreover, Germany and France have both got high tariff systems, and possibly they have reached the safe limits

of indirect taxation. It may be necessary to have recourse to direct taxation, when you have exhausted the potentialities of indirect taxation. Our contention is that Great Britain has never tried a reasonable and scientific system of indirect taxation, and that it is time the trial should be begun. The strongest recommendation of indirect taxation is that it supplies a means of automatically adjusting the profits of the individual without the present odious inquiry into a man's most intimate secrets. If taxes are levied on commodities, then a man pays more in times of prosperity, because he buys more things to eat, drink, and wear. When times are bad with him he adjusts his taxation by buying less things, and this he does without the hateful curiosity of the Inland Revenue officials. It might be urged that the Scotch, in whom the faculty of spending is imperfectly developed, would escape their share of taxation. But then there is the whisky duty, to which it is a point of honour, if not a matter of inclination, with every Scot to contribute his fair share. On the whole, the party of Tariff Reform is to be congratulated in that the present Budget has made their policy inevitable.

The increased duties on stamps for contract notes, bonds to bearer, and deeds of transfer present a branch of taxation with which stockbrokers and their clients are most familiar. Sir Frederick Banbury and Major Coates made valuable contributions to the debate, and were listened to with respectful attention, even by the Ministerialists. Indeed, Mr. Straus, the Radical member for Mile End, declared that the junior member for the City spoke "with truth and knowledge", and that the stamp duties were the only flaw in an otherwise perfect Budget. This outburst drew from Mr. Bonar Law the witty comment that Mr. Straus approved of the Budget generally, and only disapproved of that part of it which he happened to understand. That is just it. The Budget is very complex and voluminous, and Radicals are always cropping up who understand and object to now one part now another. This encourages the belief in the minds of the sanguine Conservatives that the Budget will never leave the House of Commons, but will be killed in Committee. We do not think so, because we believe that Mr. Lloyd George, when he comes to close grips with his enemies, will make concessions. The Budget will leave the House of Commons, but in a different shape from that which it now wears. The 1 per cent. stamp duty on transfers, as Major Coates pointed out, will operate onerously against those who borrow from banks on securities. A man may transfer 10,000 Canadian Pacific shares to his bank ten or twelve times in the year as security for short loans. It is hard that in addition to the interest he should have to pay 1 per cent. in stamps. Then there are the stamps on bearer bonds and share warrants, which, Sir Frederick Banbury contends, will keep foreign business away from London. London will no longer be the financial centre of the world. Mr. Lloyd George, in his light and airy way, gave us to understand that he is in confabulation with the leading members of the Stock Exchange, who have been very kind to him, he tells us, and who are going to show him how he can get the same amount of money, only in a way less injurious to their business. All this is very Lloyd-Georgeian, and we must add "tant soit peu ridicule". Says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Here are my taxes, gentlemen; but if you don't like them show me how I can get the money in another way, and you will find me an apt pupil". This was not exactly the attitude of Peel and Gladstone. That the death duties press with unfair severity upon the owners of land is a statement that cannot be disputed after the particularly able speeches of Mr. Pretymann and Mr. George Cave. Indeed, the greater part of this Budget is only defensible upon the assumption that the private ownership of land is injurious to the public welfare. That is a thesis which requires a good deal of justification, in view of the historical fact that so little of the earth's surface has been developed by other than individual proprietors. It does not, by the bye, seem to have been pointed out in the discussion that the 20 per cent.

tax on unearned increment, if levied on the death of the owner, is merely another death duty, and one that is charged twice over.

THE STATE OF THE ARMY.

A MULTITUDE of words and a host of delusions have obscured for too long the Army problem. In the past three years the nation, both in Parliament and outside, has been deluged with speeches by the biggest talker of his day; but it is now really time that all Mr. Haldane's brazen claptrap, as Lord Newton aptly labelled it, should be thoroughly sifted. During the past week the Duke of Bedford, Lord Roberts, and Lord Wemyss certainly did their best to do this; and we trust that the public will take the trouble to read their speeches. In perhaps the best speech he has ever made, the Duke of Bedford exposed the fallacy of supposing that improvement can be effected by merely changing names; and he clearly showed on what flimsy grounds lie Mr. Haldane's vainglorious boasts about adding immensely to our military strength. In a general survey of Mr. Haldane's achievements he showed how the Regular Army had been reduced in its establishment with the colours and its reserve-making capabilities; how the Militia had been destroyed and the very doubtful advantage of a Special Reserve substituted; whilst Lord Roberts and Lord Wemyss shattered a good many of the illusions which still exist as to the value of the Territorial Army. Unfortunately, Lord Roberts was unable to be present at the debate inaugurated by Lord Wemyss in the House of Lords last Tuesday on the Territorial forces. But a letter from him was read instead. There can be no question that Lord Roberts, at the close of his long career, is doing invaluable service in attempting to arouse his fellow-countrymen from their apathy.

The Regulars, as far as they go, are no doubt as good as they can be; and at present the Reserve is in a satisfactory condition. But this result, as the Duke of Bedford showed, is solely due to the three-years system of service with the colours which was inaugurated by Lord Middleton. The Special Reserve, however, is a feeble reed to lean upon. Boys of seventeen cannot be capable of taking the field in time of war; and yet all of these are classed as the equals of the Regular Army Reserve who have completed their colour service. The Territorial Army, even if numerically far superior, cannot, we all know, be equal to meeting the highly trained troops of a foreign army; and Mr. Haldane's much-vaunted new expeditionary force and divisional organisation appear as yet to be very incomplete. Mr. Haldane hit upon the happy device of including with his expeditionary force all kinds of civilians, van-drivers, engineers, mechanicians, electricians, butchers, and bakers—indeed, civilians for every service in which the military departmental corps were lacking. All these were labelled as Special Reserve. It was a simple device, and it looked well on paper; but there it ends. But it is not by means of such devices that an army in the field is made up; and Lord Roberts was quite justified in dubbing the whole thing a sham and a delusion. Both Lord Crewe and Lord Lucas appear to have been very badly coached in contemporary military history. Lord Crewe stated that the Brodrickian Six Army Corps Scheme would have taken some ten years to mature and become systematised; whilst Lord Lucas said that the three-years period of colour service, introduced also by Mr. Brodrick, was part of the Six Army Corps Scheme. In fact the Six Army Corps Scheme was merely a matter of redistribution, which organised the then existing units of the Regulars and Auxiliaries on a modern basis. It in no way dealt with the organism of the Army; and it neither necessitated nor demanded an increase or decrease of establishments, whilst the three-years period of enlistment had nothing whatever to do with it. It was introduced solely to meet the exigencies of the later period of the South African War, and to create a large reserve. Mr. Haldane's schemes, on the other hand, have necessitated an uprooting of much; although the Volunteers, now they are called

Territorials, are no whit better than they were before, the only difference being that there are fewer of them. The Special Reserve is clearly no improvement on the Militia; and the shortage of officers in that force is appalling. To all the criticism of the new military institutions inaugurated at great cost by Mr. Haldane the Government reply is feeble to a degree. Lord Crewe's defence simply amounted to this: Mr. Haldane is a very hard-working man. So it is unfair to bother him; and his plans have not yet had time to develop. Still he has been in office for over three years; and before more mischief is wrought, we quite agree with the Duke of Bedford that his achievements should be subjected to the scrutiny of a strong and independent Commission or Committee.

One unpleasant feature of the whole business is the acquiescence of the military members of the Army Council. We venture to say that outside the War Office the vast bulk of educated military opinion, from Lord Roberts downwards, views Mr. Haldane's plans with grave suspicion, and regards his arrangements for a home defence force—after the Regular Army has gone—as totally inadequate. Yet the War Secretary, like his immediate predecessors, has been able to quote the opinions of his expert advisers in support of his actions. These same advisers, however, equally supported the entirely different plans of Mr. Arnold-Forster. What can the explanation be? The whole brains of the British Army cannot be concentrated in Whitehall. There must be some left outside. So it is at least strange that military opinion inside the War Office differs so widely from military opinion outside. To Lord Roberts' contention that conscription or national service—call it what you will—has become an absolute necessity, and that the nation which neglects its obvious duties in so reckless a manner is bound in the end to pay bitterly for it, Lord Crewe replies that, though the remedy may be good, the cost is prohibitive. This is the old stock argument used before by Mr. Arnold-Forster and Mr. Haldane. We have over and over again shown that the estimate of the cost of introducing conscription prepared at the War Office whilst Mr. Arnold-Forster was War Secretary, was utterly delusive and exaggerated. But at best cost is a feeble argument against compulsion. If it is necessary, and the action of every other great European nation proves that it is, it must be faced, cost what it will. We believe however that the introduction of compulsion would not involve a very large increase of our present Army Estimates; and at least we should be paying for something real and tangible, and not for shams as we are at present.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER CASE.

WE do not suppose for a moment that the judgment of the Divisional Court in *Rex v. Dibdin* (ex parte Thompson) will be allowed to stand unchallenged. But though the case may still technically remain sub judice we shall be acquitted, we are sure, of any suspicion of contempt of Court if we discuss both the ruling of the two Judges who upheld the Dean of Arches and the consequences of their decision if it should not be reversed. For there is no closing our eyes to the fact that the deplorable judgment which Sir Lewis Dibdin found himself constrained to give against Canon Thompson has brought the Church of England within measurable reach of disaster, a disaster which was foreseen at the time when the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was being forced through Parliament, and to which attention was drawn specially by speakers in both Houses. "For the first time in the history of the Church of England," said the Archbishop of Canterbury in his speech on the third reading, "has the law of the State been brought on one specific point into direct open overt contrast with and contradiction of the specific and defined law laid down in the authoritative regulations of the National Church." And in the House of Commons Viscount Helmsley put the very dilemma which to-day is exposing a conscientious parish priest to ecclesiastical censure and monition. What was to be the position under the

Act, he asked, of the unfortunate clergyman who declined to administer the Holy Communion to persons who have contracted these unions now legalised as a civil contract and a civil contract only?

The answer was not slow in coming. Acting on the instructions of the Bishop of Norwich, Canon Thompson refused to allow a certain Mr. and Mrs. Banister to communicate in his and their parish church on the ground that they had knowingly and wilfully contracted a union which was forbidden both by the Church and the law of the land. Mrs. Banister was the sister of Mr. Banister's first wife; they were British citizens with an English domicile, and they had gone through the marriage ceremony in a British colony shortly before the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Act. In the correspondence which ensued between the incumbent and the "aggrieved parishioner" Canon Thompson carefully abstained from any offensive or provocative language. "If you choose to infer," he wrote to Mr. Banister, "that I charge you with being a notorious evil liver I cannot help it. The inference is your own. I have not made, nor have any idea of making, any inference of the kind." But when it became necessary for the Canon's legal advisers to frame answers to the charges in the suit promoted against him in the Arches Court, they were compelled to use the language of the rubric, and to plead that at the time of their repulsion Mr. and Mrs. Banister were, by reason of their marriage, within the degrees prohibited by the Church, and by their subsequent cohabitation actually and indeed "open and notorious evil livers". After reading the argument of Mr. Duke and Mr. Vernon Smith and the comments of Mr. Justice Bray, it is most difficult for us to understand how Sir Lewis Dibdin in the first instance and Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence in the second could have decided as they practically did that the Act of Edward VII. c. 47 had discharged Canon Thompson from the duty of following the rubric and of obeying the canons of the Church of England.

There was a further point, however, raised on behalf of the Canon, upon which Mr. Justice Bray decided emphatically in his favour. The first section of the Act of 1907, it was argued, contains a proviso which expressly protects him in the circumstances that have arisen. "No clergyman of the Church of England," it runs, "shall be liable to any suit, penalty or censure, whether civil or ecclesiastical, for anything done or omitted to be done by him in the performance of the duties of his office to which suit, penalty or censure he would not have been liable if this Act had not been passed." It is inconceivable to our mind how it can seriously be contended that prior to the passing of the Act Mr. and Mrs. Banister were not in the category of persons whom a clergyman would have been justified in refusing to communicate. No less incomprehensible is the suggestion that the granting or refusing of the Holy Communion are not duties of the priestly office within the meaning of the section. And it would be impossible to put the case for Canon Thompson in clearer or plainer words than those used by Mr. Justice Bray in his judgment:

"It (the proviso) was inserted, as I have before stated, to protect the conscience of the clergyman, to prevent him from being bound to do acts which might offend his conscience. The Prayer Book teaches him that a man who partakes of the Holy Communion unworthily eats and drinks his own damnation. Is he to be bound to administer the Communion to them; to assist in what he believes will be eating and drinking their own damnation? And is he to be punished and possibly deprived of his benefice if he refuses? If he is to be protected, as he admittedly is, if he refuses to solemnise the marriage, why is he not also to be protected if he repels them from the Holy Communion? Is the first likely to offend his conscience and the second not? Who can say this? Surely they stand on the same footing. . . . Is it to be suggested that the Legislature overlooked the fact that the administration of the Holy Communion was one of the duties of the office of a clergyman? Surely that cannot be supposed. But if it was not overlooked it must have been intended to be included, otherwise it would

have been excepted or some less general words would have been used, or the words suggested by the Dean of Arches 'incident to the actual marriage' would have been inserted. . . The words of the proviso are in themselves precise and unambiguous. They apply in their ordinary interpretation to anything done or omitted to be done by the clergyman in the performance of the duties of his office. If the words of the Statute are of themselves precise and unambiguous, then no more can be necessary than to expound those words in their natural and ordinary sense."

It is worse than unfortunate that this view of the subject did not commend itself to the majority of the Court. There can be little doubt, on reading the debates in the Upper House, that the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Suffragans were of opinion that they had safeguarded the consciences of their clergy from the contingency that has arisen. They had succeeded in inserting provisions into the Act by which incumbents are relieved from the necessity of celebrating these marriages or of lending their churches for such a purpose. In the latter respect the clergy obtain a protection which is denied them under the Divorce Act of 1857. We can hardly imagine that the case of repulsion from the Holy Communion was regarded by the Episcopal Bench as omitted from the operation of the proviso to the first section of the Bill they were discussing. They would, at any rate, have made a struggle and recorded a protest. In the present case Canon Thompson informed Mr. Banister that he acted under the instructions of his Diocesan, and there ought not to be a single member of the Episcopate who would not so direct and support his clergy. If the majority in the Divisional Court have correctly expounded the law, we are on the verge of a conflict exceeding in gravity and in bitterness the struggles over the unhappy Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874. Roughly speaking, there are twenty thousand working clergy in the Church of England. We are convinced that with the exception of an insignificant minority they would act in similar circumstances as Canon Thompson has done. In large towns and in our cathedrals there must inevitably be many of those drawing near to the Holy Table on Sundays and weekdays whose antecedents are unknown to the celebrant. But in the smaller parishes and in the country districts the persons who have contracted a marriage which in the eyes of the Church is no marriage are well known alike to the priest and the congregation. We believe that the number of those who have "availed themselves of the Act" is small, and that those among them who desire to be admitted to the Holy Communion is smaller still. But the principle is unaffected. What is to happen to Canon Thompson if he refuses—as refuse we are sure he will—to accept the monition and to receive Mr. and Mrs. Banister as communicants? Will he be declared "contumacious", and will his Diocesan be required to deprive him of his benefice? But how could the Bishop of Norwich punish an incumbent for obeying his own instructions? The promoter of the present suit would have to proceed against the Bishop, and a vista of unedifying controversy is opened up which can only enure to the benefit of the Liberation Society. When the present Government were "rushing" the Act through a jaded Parliament, the Bishop of London pointed out what a potent instrument it would become in the hands of those intent upon disestablishing the Church of England. A measure for making the law of the State with regard to marriage contradict the law of the Church would clearly tend to make the co-operation of the one with the other more difficult. And already the cry has gone out from the Nonconformist press and from those Churchmen who clamour for what they vainly imagine will be "liberty" that the Gordian knot must be cut.

It is a favourite argument with retired colonels that the Church of England should be governed with the same discipline as a regiment; and the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson was fond of saying that a summons in the police court would be the best and easiest way of dealing with recalcitrant clergymen. The judgment of Mr. Justice Bray is a proof that the clergy have on their side in the present controversy a mass of argument which is convincing to

one of the clearest intellects and ablest judges in the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Those who have consistently opposed the alteration of our marriage laws to whitewash a few rich law-breakers find their predictions verified—a poor consolation. The Act, as we always contended it would, has brought not peace but a sword. It was a privilege in the worst sense of the word. It altered the civil status of the wrongdoer by rendering him no longer an evildoer in the eyes of the law, and by legitimatising his children. It could not affect his status either socially or in the eyes of the Church. The consequences of the Act are now unfolding themselves, and we view them with dismay. The only course before members of the Church of England who believe that Parliament cannot override the law of God is to give an unhesitating support to those who are prepared to keep their conscience unsullied at whatever cost.

THE CITY.

THE week has been a cheerful and a busy one on the Stock Exchange. The bankers may remonstrate, and other people may talk about getting up a meeting against the Budget. The Stock Exchange is determined to have a good time, and as there are no political or financial clouds on the horizon it seems as if at last clients were coming in. The stream of buying orders slowly and steadily broadens, and the best judges are not alarmed at the size of the account, much of which has a solid base of investment.

We take back what we wrote about selling Steel Commons at 60. They are over that figure now, and if it be true that the 7 per cent. preferred are to be retired by the issue of bonds, the common stock would undoubtedly go to par, as it would get another 2 or 3 per cent. We do not know whether this rumour is true, but anyway it would be very dangerous to sell any Americans short in the present temper of the market. No one but a fool swims against a flood-tide of speculation. So Standard Oil Rogers is dead! H. H. Rogers was the man who did the slaughtering for the Standard Oil crowd. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller has just written a book in which he asserts that the Standard Oil Company never hurt a fly, much less a trade competitor. Those who have ever been "up against" H. H. Rogers could, we fancy, tell another tale. It was thought that the death of this market magnate might throw out a lot of stock; but executors are not idiots, and we doubt if H. H. Rogers will leave so very much. He must have been very hard hit in the rich men's panic of 1907.

The Kaffir market has been particularly good, under the lead of Modders, Apex, and Rand Mines. We confess that most shares seem to us high enough on intrinsic merits, and we would rather look out for new or low-priced shares. Among the former we hear very well of Springs Mine, which is quoted for special settlement at 1½; it is being worked by the Transvaal Coal Trust, and is a very good property. Of the low-priced shares we fancy Boksburg at 14s.; it is a good property. The company has been reconstructed, and when the capital is paid up there may be good results. Anyway, the shares are pretty nearly certain to go to par. Among the Deeps we should buy Jumpers Deep, which have not yet been taken in hand, but will be. Village Deep, which have risen to nearly 3½, are on intrinsic value high enough, and a profit might be taken on them. City Deeps will go much higher if the development continues as favourable as it has been hitherto, though that, of course, is the uncertainty of mining. We continue to hear the most wonderful accounts of National Minerals Corporation, the great Cornish tin and radium speculation. The rs. shares are not quoted, but they stand at about 9s., and are said to be worth many pounds apiece. Rhodesia Copper have risen rs. to 9s. on a favourable report, and the news that the Tanganyika railway will pass the property towards the end of the year.

The speculation in rubber shares has called a halt; and it was time. A great many of these shares are too high. An ordinary share in a rubber company ought to yield 10 per cent.; therefore a share which stands

at 10 per cent. ought to be receiving dividends at the rate of 100 per cent. Linggis, Vallambrosas and Bukit Rajahs and many others have excellent prospects, but their prices have been pushed up too fast. The shares which are worth buying are those of companies which are just coming into the tapping stage, like Kapar Paras and Ulu Rantans, which will pay 40 and 50 per cent. in a year or two, and may still be bought at reasonable premiums. The price of Para and plantation rubber keeps very steady, in spite of the rapidly increasing production, for the reason that the consumption increases, apparently in the same ratio. New uses are continually being devised for rubber. The Canadian Mineral Rubber Company, which has a share capital of £300,000, is just issuing £170,000 6 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at 98. Apparently bitumen and a residuary oil of caoutchouc make mineral rubber, which is used in the United States for insulating, for pipe-coatings, roofs, and street pavements. We have always believed that rubber mixed with asphalt would be the ideal pavement.

The Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway is issuing a further £1,000,000 of shares, guaranteed 5 per cent. until 1916 by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, at par, which will no doubt be eagerly subscribed. The Michigan United Railways Company is offering for subscription \$1,000,000 5 per cent. Gold Bonds at £96 10s. each \$500 bond.

INSURANCE: AN INSTRUCTIVE CONTRAST.

WE have explained many times that the great majority of life-assurance policies are a combination of protection and saving. As an illustration of this fact, which is most important from many points of view, we may refer to the contrast between policies of two kinds, one of which is wholly protection and the other is entirely saving. A man of thirty-five can go to almost any life office, and, if he pass the medical examination, can obtain, by the payment of £9 or £10, a policy which will secure £1000 for his estate if he dies within twelve months. This is called term insurance, and closely resembles fire insurance. Under a fire policy, if a man pays, say, £1, and if his goods are burnt within twelve months, the damage done by the fire is made good by the company up to an amount not exceeding £1000; if no fire takes place the policyholder receives nothing from the insurance company, and at the end of the year no part of the premium which he has paid is returned to him. The conditions of a one-year term insurance policy are on the same lines: the policyholder pays £9; if the insured dies within the year the company pays £1000, if he survives the year the company pays nothing. This is life-insurance protection in its simplest form, and is seldom worth anybody's while to take.

Many life offices issue policies containing no insurance protection whatever, and in doing this they are acting simply like a savings bank. If £36 2s. 6d. a year is paid to an insurance company for twenty years the company will pay £1000 at the end of that time. This policy has nothing whatever to do with the duration of life, and unless the premiums are paid for the full term the company will not pay the full sum mentioned in the policy at the end of the term. An annual payment of £36 2s. 6d. accumulated at 3 per cent. compound interest amounts to £1000, so that a policy of this kind, which is called, according to circumstances, a child's endowment, or a sinking fund or leasehold policy, implies merely that the life office has taken the money and returned it to the policyholder at the end of a specified period with 3 per cent. compound interest. The policyholder can at any time surrender this sinking-fund policy and draw in cash all the premiums he has paid, except the first, with compound interest at 2 per cent. in addition.

The Post Office Savings Bank accepts the money of depositors and allows them to withdraw the whole or any part of their deposits with interest at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If therefore a man wishes to withdraw his money before the end of a specified period he had better put it in the savings bank: if he is content to let it accumulate until the end of

an agreed term he had better take a sinking-fund policy from a life office. In both cases, however, the transaction is savings-bank business and nothing else.

When a man effects whole-life or endowment assurance with a life office he is buying two things. Part of the premium which he pays is used to purchase insurance protection and part is to all intents and purposes a deposit in a savings bank. On the kind of life-assurance policy he takes entirely depends the proportion of the premium he pays that is devoted to insurance protection and the proportion applied as a deposit in a savings bank. If, for instance, at age thirty-five he arranges to pay £22 a year throughout life to secure £1000 at his death, the protection afforded for the first year is approximately £980, which is the difference between the premium that he pays and the sum which would be paid by the life office to his estate if he died. The commercial value of this protection is about £9, so that leaving aside, for the sake of simplicity, all question of expenses it may be said that £9 out of the first £22 which he pays in premiums buys insurance protection and £13 is a savings-bank deposit.

If instead of arranging to pay £22 a year for life he pays, say, £400 as a single premium to secure £1000 at his death, the amount of insurance protection is only £600, the commercial value of which is something like £6. The interest earned upon his single payment of £400 is from £14 to £16 a year, and more than suffices to pay the cost of the insurance protection; the consequence is that the whole of the single premium which he has paid can be regarded as a savings-bank deposit, accumulating at a lower rate of interest than would otherwise be the case, since part of the interest upon this payment has to be applied to meeting the cost of insurance protection. These considerations have very important consequences, which will be developed in future articles.

A SOCIAL ANTISEPTIC.

TWENTY years ago there was a conception of "The Social Organism", as a live thing, an organic unity, with human beings for the cells; a self-conscious structure, with its laws of growth and its economy of forces, with its physiology, anatomy, and pathology; so that the influences acting and reacting between the whole and its parts might be studied, in good or evil, in health or disease, with a fair prospect of reducing the system to the simplicity of workable terms in the composite understanding, at least for the guidance of the guides. That way of seeing society, the only scientific way yet attempted anywhere, had been formulated in a spiritual aspect by Swedenborg, and was interpreted almost to popularity in the United Kingdom by men like Spencer, Huxley, Russell-Wallace and Ruskin, each venturing inferences, but all unanimous as to the essential data and the main lines of development. It was an age of great minds impelled by great motives, previous to the influences that produced Musical Comedy and Mr. Lloyd George.

Theories varying from Theocracy to Anarchy might radiate from the central conception in an atmosphere of mental freedom, but not one of the masters ever doubted the soundness of "The Social Organism" as a far-reaching analogy, or suggested an alternative formula for the scientific study of the social structure. Not one doubts it even now, and yet in these twenty years the grip of it has been almost lost, unless among the socialists, who probably owe much of their increasing influence to the fact that they have kept it before them.

A wounded dog refuses food that even digestion may not disturb the spontaneous contribution from the body as a whole to heal its breach; but, sinking below dog-knowledge, we treat a wound in the social organism on a far inferior plan, making additional wounds, and even attempting to sacrifice whole organs for the alleged good of the organism, as if live things could live without heads and stomachs. Our chief pathological institute for such ailments of the social organism is the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; but see how it searches out social sections to be boiled down for the benefit of other

sections, instead of rising to the level of the dog, working from within, and proportionately directing pre-digested resources to the defence of the sections that suffer. The new pathology is now employed even in the highest places, though it can plaster no sore without stripping a sorer, with the loss entailed from the stripping to the stopping, all the more when the resident practitioner is a quack. It is a pitiful process, as un-English in its feeling as it is unscientific in its derivation. Yet it is all in the name of Social Reform! The true name for it is Social Deformity.

The social system, too, has its microbes, friendly and unfriendly, all alike "voters", the ballot-box having been designed without any sifting-screen to catch the bad breeds on their way to "the Front Bench"; so that any ingenious empiricist may start his culture tubes in his own village, reproducing from his own breed, and spreading these through the other villagers until there are enough of them to "return" himself as their own particular mighty atom, empowered to permeate the whole body by the "constitutional" facility to impinge on its heart. Once there, he sits tight, and looks for the limbs he can lop to feed his followers, not, like the finely informed dog, distributing the effect of the wound so as to heal it without leaving another wound anywhere. Unless he can lop enough limbs, he may lose his seat; so that even the security of that requires him to discover fresh wounds, if not to create them. Is he not the medicine-man of the ballot-box, which adjusted democratic finality, and why should he continue on the Front Bench unless he can find wounds by which to claim his salary? In addition, there is the force of his example, with so many millions of other ballot-boxing bacteria, good and bad, each entitled to think, "Why should not I also grow into a leading microbe?" Why not, indeed? One microbe is as good as another, if not better, at least inside a ballot-box, where no essential variation of organic order has ever been recognised in the origin of species; where it is "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" for all—all except that same leading microbe, who keeps himself outside the box, and puts the others into it for his own satisfaction. It is a great thing to be the leading microbe, even of the breed that ought to be led out of existence; the greatest thing of all when the leader has been suffered to fasten himself on the vital centres, proclaiming "Progress" in the procreation of inanity.

It has been called socialism, a libel on socialism that could not be but for the drift from First Principles. In principle at least socialism calls for no vicarious wounds. It rather tends to spare pain, even the pain of inflicting it, which is too often as painful as the infliction. The success of the individual "struggle" that makes a thousand destitute may be as painful as the destitution, and more so, given a conscience. The hospitals are largely our joint-stock for conscience-money. Socialism would even put a sieve into the ballot-box, no doubt a bad one, yet a contrivance of some kind that would at least in principle aim at screening out some of the more undesirable animalculæ. It would not destroy essentials to patch details; and if it robbed Peter for the improvement of Paul it would offer compensation to the extent at least of a life interest in Paul's improvement. On the whole, and with the difference of its own peculiar expression, its way is the way of the wise dog, a symmetrical distribution of suffering, not a concentration of it by classes, on the cowardly basis of their inability to defend themselves through the ballot-box.

The threatened sections are not dependent atoms. They are organic groups, with their own ganglia, which gives them the choice of dissociation; and in proportion as they are sacrificed unnaturally to "Social Reform", they must come to treat it as their enemy, hindering it by the energies that might otherwise be directed to help it. The threatened sections are also those which embody the main nerve centres, so that every blow at them is a blow at the social brain. On the whole, they have been the real seats of strength, the sources of organic direction; so that in proportion as they are impaired, the mass tends to become the mere raw material of an organism.

Though weak in the ballot-box, which works merely

by number and ignores quality, the threatened sections are very powerful in ways that go far deeper than ballot-boxes. They control land, but that is a comparatively small matter, at most worth only a few years' feeding for the raw mass. They control faculty, and that is almost everything, because it gives them the control of energy, not merely their own, but also that of others, conventionally called "capital" and other names. These resources of civilised strength follow faculty, let it come from Belgravia or from the back street; and, in a country with the freedom of England, it comes from both. The unfit man on his way down is meeting every day with the fit man on his way up; so that the new pathology has not even the merit of attacking privilege. When the quacks created a deficit to produce old-age pensions and other blessings they counted loudly on meeting it by a raid on territorial privilege; but when they come to try, they can find only a little over half a million.

The threatened sections are already showing signs of dissociation; a man is here in person, elsewhere in power. This is still a pleasant country to live in, but it is becoming an increasingly unpleasant country to do anything in. Faculty will direct energy towards the largest returns, which can hardly be where faculty itself is penalised for the privilege of those who cannot control it. Faculty must follow its motive, disregarding frontiers, as it was free to do here when this was a growing country, and the incapable crowd could prosper through the capacity of the few, the power to originate and to direct being always in a small number anywhere; but now faculty rather keeps a house in the West End, with a few domestics, on profits from foreign industry employing thousands of producers, and even the few domestics must depend on foreign food. Remove its motive, and faculty is displaced. Displace faculty, and energy is without direction. Leave energy undirected, and down goes the social organism, having lost its head. Nothing can save it but the faculty of the gifted few, now in the cauldron of the new pathologists for a posthumous plaster on the democratic rump.

That is how Social Deformity comes to rule in the name of "Social Reform", and all because of a traditional objection to the raising of revenue from the taxation of imports, which, instead of cutting off the head to mend the tail, would try to obey organic necessities and draw proportionately on the whole system for the perfection of its injured peripheries. It will be most instructive to study how far the new pathology can go before the undirected body begins to understand the want of its lost head. The worst of it is that the loss of the head must lengthen the time. The want is felt already, but not yet understood, and the "Front Bench" microbe sticks in the abrasion he has scratched for himself, with the ballot-box behind him and his special brand of gelatine accumulating at home in his village for a fresh stock of cultures. We shall see.

THE ACADEMY AGAIN.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

THE remarkable exhibition of Chosen Pictures, which should send everyone interested in the present and future of English art to the Grafton Gallery, and about which I hope soon to have the opportunity of writing, illustrates by contrast the central weakness of the Academy, its false and debased conception of imaginative art. Passion, intensity, fire; the absorbed concentration of imaginative effort, effort that spends the life-blood of the artist on his art: on such things the Academy is wont to frown, for do they not issue in vehemence and strangeness, in what seems to the popular mind uncomfortable, queer, and disquieting visions, and in emphasis that exults in "incorrect drawing"? Instead of this, what is enthroned in favour is the kind of painting of which Mr. Draper's "Ulysses and the Sirens" (No. 206) is a typical example. Realism without reality; the kind of realism which is achieved in the modern theatre; an arrangement of pretty female and picturesque male models in a "property" ship, with a careful dwelling on everything that dulls and deadens imagination: here are all the elements of a

popular picture. Whatever merits it may have, it must stand or fall by its claim to be a work of imagination; and as such it is dead, or rather it has not even begun to live. Hopelessly skied in the same room is a painting, "The Blessing of Esau", by E. H. Macandrew—an unfamiliar name—which deserved a better place, for it looks like a promising essay and shows a sense of style; at least, it avoids the petty and meretricious insistence on surface actuality which is fatal; it has a certain atmosphere of its own. Mr. Sargent's large decorative design, "Israel and the Law" (No. 446), stands by itself in the exhibition. As decoration it is of course impossible to judge this lunette in its present surroundings; its effect should be greatly enhanced when it is placed in its destined position. The problems which work like this sets a painter, especially in our day, when current taste imposes no limitation on his methods, must be infinitely fascinating. One feels how deeply Mr. Sargent's interest has been engaged; and we in turn are interested. This is obviously the work of a master, and yet we have to confess that it reveals Mr. Sargent using his intelligence and ingenuity rather than his genius. The most impressive thing in the composition is the intent figure of the boy in the centre reading from the great scroll held before him; but there is something less than satisfying in the masks of the angels, whom their oblique eyes and flaming hair remove from human types without quite making them superhuman.

To pass to lower levels of ambition: some of the best and soundest work in the Academy is in the painting of outdoor scenes and idylls which mingle figures with landscape. Among these Mr. Walter Russell's "On the Beach" (No. 664) is remarkable for its frankness and freshness and the sunny air which pervades it. Mrs. Knight's similarly named picture of children playing on the sands (No. 439) is perhaps rather too large, but has life in it and attractive colour, and a pleasant handling of the pigment. It is a pity that Mr. La Thangue repeats himself so much; his rustic figures shaking down apples are admirably painted, but we always seem to have seen them before. Mr. Clausen repeats his subjects, his mowers and ploughmen, his ricks and barns; but he does not repeat himself; his invention is always at work, he is always exploring. His diploma picture, "The Interior of an Old Barn" (No. 25) does not arrest, perhaps, at first sight, but is worth much study, for it is full of knowledge and of skill, sensitively trained to the most exacting expression of subtle and difficult effects. And, more than this, from beginning to end it is whole-heartedly felt. In Miss Anna Airy's "Scandal-Mongers" (No. 354) the keen observation is, I think, too disinterested; the ability of the painting is extraordinary. Mr. Lambert's "Mearbech Moor" (No. 431) is also very able in its vigorous convention, though the effectiveness is won too cheaply. A study by F. S. Carlos of "One of London's Unemployed" deserves mention for its soundness and sincerity.

Among the pure landscapes there is no masterpiece. There is dignity in Mr. Hughes-Stanton's "S. Jean, near Avignon" (No. 448)—a finer example of the same painter is at the New Gallery; there is great sensitiveness to vibrations of delicate colour in Mr. Adrian Stokes' "Twilight in the Birches" (No. 72); Mr. Oliver Hall's "Pont Rouge, Albj" (No. 456) attracts by its quality of surface and its sober harmony of colour, if it lacks something of force; Mr. East's "Lavingdon Water" (No. 146) and his "Sicilian Wedding" (No. 450) show his wonted ease and vigour, which one would like to see concentrated in fewer and intenser efforts.

Of the portraits there is not much to say. Mr. Sargent's supremacy is maintained with his incisive "Lord Wemyss" (No. 179), almost too startling in its effect of challenging life. Among an array of accomplished and no doubt very lifelike official portraits by various Academicians, the Orchardson portrait of Sir Lawrence Jenkins (No. 141) stands out in its harmonious refinement. Mr. Craig's half-length "Sir John Jardine" (No. 208) has distinction. Mr. Von Glehn's charming portrait of a young lady (No. 67) is probably one of the best things he has painted, but is hung too high. Mrs.

Swynnerton's "Mrs. Fenwick" (No. 678) is too clamorous in its colour; but at least it is no compromise; it is brave and bold.

Are we a race incapable of sculpture? Was Alfred Stevens a vagary of Nature? I hope not. But the sculpture at the Academy is a depressing sight, so tame and lifeless and prosaic is the general effect of it. Mr. Tweed's marble bust of Lady Londonderry (No. 1708) transcends all its surroundings. Here a native vigour is refined to unusual subtlety. The modelling is masterly; the pose has great nobility. This is one of the finest things in the exhibition.

London has plenty of attractions for the picture-seer just now. Besides the Academy, the reorganised New Gallery (where the average is rather higher than usual, and there are a few works of real distinction) and the fine show at the Grafton Gallery, there are a number of smaller exhibitions which demand attention: Mr. Clausen's and Mr. Francis James' paintings and drawings at the Leicester Galleries; Mr. Theodore Roussel's at the Chenil Gallery in Chelsea; Mr. Neville Lytton's and M. Geoffroy's at Messrs. Carfax' in Bury Street; Mr. Henry Bishop's water-colours at the Goupil Gallery; a remarkable collection of Japanese prints at the Fine Art Society's; a series of pictures by Jan Steen at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, and by Hoppner at Messrs. Colnaghi's. The New English Art Club also opens next week, after a long interval, at the galleries in Suffolk Street.

The gathering together of a choice set of works by an old master is a happy idea that might be carried out with advantage more frequently, especially if done with the discrimination and thoroughness shown by Messrs. Dowdeswell. Too often such exhibitions consist of one or two good pieces among raked-up odds and ends. Steen, I imagine, has rarely been so well represented anywhere as now in Bond Street by this series of thirty-nine pictures lent by various owners. To those collectors who delight in supreme technical accomplishment for its own sake, and gloat over the finished and smooth rendering of surfaces and textures, Jan Steen provides a feast. Of course, he does something more than this. He is a most able composer, and we continually feel that his natural gift ought to carry him farther than it does. The truth is, his hand and eye were at the service of a common mind with common interests. His tastes were low; his conviviality was anything but squeamish. Yet out of similar elements Rubens had made great art, inspiring animalism with a kind of divinity by sheer power of seizing on the primal force of Nature behind the men and women of whom it made playthings. Brueghel, again, with his tragic irony, illuminated the gross life he portrayed with such mastery. Steen has neither illumination nor elemental rapture; he is of the world he paints, and contented with it. Hence, for all the wonderful control of his materials and arrangement of his scenes, as in the Duke of Wellington's picture of "The Wedding" (No. 8), his felicity is in passages rather than in any wholeness of conception or design. We can enjoy his art best in single figures such as the portrait of his wife (No. 9), which is beautifully painted, or in the portrait of himself singing jovially to the mandoline. "The Skittle-players" (No. 29) is remarkable for its delicacy, especially in the rendering of the trees. Steen does not touch us or move us to enthusiasm, but his consummate craftsmanship is a thing to wonder at.

MONTAIGNE.*

I.

WE do well, on the whole, to go back to Florio for an interpreter, even though, in so doing, we ignore Charles Cotton and William Hazlitt. Lord Halifax declared Cotton's translation to be so good "that it almost tempts a man to believe the transmigration of souls". Halifax, it is true, was making a very handsome acknowledgment for a still handsomer dedication, but his praise was well earned. Hazlitt himself,

* "The Essays of Michael. Lord of Montaigne." Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. 3 vols. London: Grant Richards. 31s. 6d. net.

while reproving Cotton for his inaccuracy, admitted candidly that the translation was a masterpiece, and used it throughout as a basis for his own. For all that, it is well to go back to Florio. Hazlitt and Cotton may be more accurate and pleasing, but they are too far in spirit from the frank crude age in which these Essays were conceived to be able to compete with the less scholarly rendering of Florio. No translation into modern French could be more faithful to the letter of Montaigne than the English translation of Hazlitt. No translation into modern French could be as faithful to the spirit of Montaigne as Florio's.

Montaigne's critics have from first to last insisted too much upon his irrelevance. One and all have hailed him prince of chatters, always ready to talk about anything or anybody, at any time or in any connexion. Balzac has said of him that he begins everywhere and ends everywhere; that he knows very well what he is saying, but has no idea of what he is going to say. Moreover, says Balzac, he loses his way with more felicity than if he kept in the beaten path, and generally leaves the good to chance upon something better. On the whole, here is a very pretty eulogy of our author's quality. But it is generally beside the point to look beyond Montaigne for a light upon Montaigne. Somewhat late in the day (being in the ninth chapter of his third book) he himself informs us of something. "The titles of my chapters do not always comprehend the whole matter." This overwhelming confession strikes into the middle of an essay upon vanity, which includes a deal of talk upon the laws of Solon, conjugal affection, the management of a house, the government of a nation, self-knowledge, death, burial, and the like. But then we come upon the kernel of the matter. Beneath the superficial irrelevance of Montaigne there is always a certain fundamental continuity. He gets into strange places, but it is always easy to follow him, and to realise how and why he gets there. As he says himself: "'tis the indiligent reader that loses my subject, not I; there will always be found some words or other in a corner that are to the purpose". In fact Montaigne always goes where he wants to go, but manages to make himself so real a person to his reader that the latter never loses sight of him or of his subject for a moment. The continuity of Montaigne is that of a very clear-headed person who digresses on purpose. Also it must be remembered that he never handles a subject. Rather he walks round it.

There must, however, be no misunderstanding. If Montaigne makes an art of digression, he does so because digression falls in with his private humour. "I jog along at my own rate and ease." "There is nothing that I will break my brain about." "As things come into my head, I heap them in." "There is nothing for which I would bite my nails." If, in any sense, it may be maintained that a serious purpose runs through these essays, that purpose begins and ends with the self-revelation of the author. To this end what could be more effective than a studied irrelevance? "I have no other business but with myself." "I am myself the subject of my book." This project of entire and honest self-revelation has struck the famous critics of Montaigne in very different ways. That which called down the severest censure of Pascal would naturally invite the praise of Voltaire. It must be confessed that here, at least, Voltaire has the last and best word. But Montaigne himself, as usual, knows the value of what he is doing better than any of his critics. In an essay upon cripples (of all places in the world) he justifies his purpose in memorable words: "I have never seen a greater monster or miracle in the world than myself. A man grows familiar with all strange things by time and custom, but the more I frequent, and the better I know myself, the more does my deformity astonish me, and the less I understand myself".

When we have granted him his subject, the rest follows. Montaigne out on horseback would, often as not, leave the choice of route to the horse. If he adopts much the same plan when his wit goes riding upon the end of his pen, his object is all the more completely attained. The kaleidoscope rattles endlessly round. "If I speak variously of myself, it is because I consider myself variously: all contrarieties are to be found there, in one

corner or another." And elsewhere he writes of things in general: "I cannot fix my object: 'tis always tottering and reeling with a kind of natural drunkenness. I take it as it is at the instant I consider it". Men have cried out at Montaigne or praised him for his irrelevance. It would not be too paradoxical to say that it is his fundamental consistency that should be praised or blamed.

Though Montaigne takes himself for a theme, no man could be less vain. He never had the least notion of his own importance. He wrote his essays that his friends might not forget him. Moreover he had a natural bent towards self-depreciation. "Between two works of equal merit I should always throw a weight into the scale against my own." "What I find tolerable of mine is not so really, but in comparison of other worse things, that I see are well enough received: I envy the happiness of those that can please and hug themselves in what they do." Montaigne wrote of himself, not because he was in any sense a concealed person, but because he considered himself to be more interesting, as a phenomenon pure and simple, than anything else he had met with. On the other hand, there is never any affectation of modesty, or, for that matter, of anything else. "If I thought myself perfectly good or wise, I would sound it forth to some purpose. To speak less of oneself than one really is, is folly, not modesty." Nor must it be imagined that Montaigne ever means more than he says. There is never irony or satire in his naïve admissions. He was as incapable of humour as he was fertile in wit. In this he resembles Voltaire, and, be it whispered, Molière.

Montaigne had the worst of memories. When he wished to verify a quotation he had to cross a little court that lay between his sitting-room and the library. On the way he invariably forgot what he wanted to look up. Yet to this day he remains the most masterly and the most incorrigible of quoters. Montaigne himself explains his practice in different ways at different times. "I quote others in order the better to express myself." On another occasion, when giving an account of his pilferings, he says with some wit: "I purposely conceal the author to awe the temerity of those forward censors that fall upon all sorts of writings. I would have them give Plutarch a filip on my nose". Later in life Montaigne asserted that he indulged in these "borrowed ornaments" partly out of deference to public opinion, and partly out of laziness. These statements are difficult to reconcile. But Montaigne is always ingenuous, and it is safe to say that they are all equally true. Probably the writer had in his mind definite charges that had been actually preferred against him. Probably the occasions were far apart in time, and different in character. "If I speak variously of myself, it is because I consider myself variously."

"He begins everywhere and ends everywhere." In these words Balzac defined the charm of Montaigne, if he missed his meaning. Shrewd thoughts and felicitous phrases abound in unlikely places, and are always turning up to bewilder and delight. "It is easier to write an indifferent poem than to understand a good one." "A man should lend himself to another; but only give himself to himself." "Philosophy is no other than sophisticated poetry: Plato is but a poet unripped." "No man is free from saying silly things: the misfortune is when we endeavour to give them an air of importance." Here is more than the wisdom of Polonius. It is a wisdom that misses profundity, in order that it may be the more pleasing.

THE OPTIMIST.

IT is a small shop in a court off Holborn. It is not a shop one instinctively stops at. There is nothing to attract attention in the window. No attempt is made at effective arrangement or display, and it is clear that the things are there on their own merits. The hot-water bottle is side by side with a pair of spectacles in a case; the boot-brush leans against an electric battery; the opera-glass shares a shelf with a door-latch and a fork; the clock seems to have stopped from sheer modesty. One cannot imagine anyone going into the shop, though no doubt there is a bell inside the door.

The window rarely changes. The only incident in a month has been the disappearance of a box of screws. The clock has been there for nearly a year, and the only new arrival is the hot-water bottle.

And yet, in spite of all this, the keeper of the shop is an optimist. He has a habit whenever he goes out of leaving a note in the window saying that he will be back in ten minutes or, say, at 4.30. Clearly he refuses to be discouraged by the silence of the bell inside his door. He cannot believe that it is safe for him to go out without leaving a note saying that he will be back. He has the courage to think that he is busy, and he believes it his duty to keep in this intimate touch with his customers. One can, in fact, rarely pass the shop without receiving some message from him. But probably he is old and forgetful; for he does not always remember to take away the note, and one sometimes finds at eight in the evening that he will be back at 4.30. In spite, however, of such inaccuracies one cannot help envying the man. It is not everyone who has the courage to announce to the whole passing world that he will be back at 4.30. It is doubtful even if a Prime Minister could have so brave an opinion of his importance. There are not many men blessed with a mind which will persuade them that when they go out they must leave a message on their door. It is impossible to avoid envying such a mind. There is something stimulating in the very phrase "Back in ten minutes". The cheery confidence of it can leave no room for doubt. He is quite sure that he will be back. And yet, on the face of it, there seems no reason why he should hurry. It is difficult to believe that anyone will want the pair of spectacles or the fork. Certainly no one waits outside the shop. Everyone walks past quickly, without pausing to look at the window. True, one sometimes feels inclined to wait and to see if the man will indeed be back in ten minutes. For there is always a pleasure in being a spectator of punctuality, and one might be conscious of the loss of something if the man were late. Who has not known the satisfaction of watching a train come in according to Bradshaw? Such an experience suggests that things are working well, and that one is to be congratulated on being a member of so well-organised a community. But if the train be late one suspects an appreciation of one's own habits, and there is no pleasure in being the subject of such appreciation. So it is that railway companies have a considerable responsibility. It is they, after all, who keep the world up to time. Naturally, then, one is grateful to anyone else who will undertake a similar responsibility by announcing definitely that he will be back in ten minutes. There is always a welcome for the man who seems sure of things. Bradshaw is one of the optimists, and this man who leaves messages in his window is no unworthy competitor.

But although it is easy to admire and envy him, it is difficult to share his confidence. He has more than the optimism of Mr. Micawber. He does not only expect something to turn up; he gives Providence a hint by writing on a slip of paper that he will be back in ten minutes, and it is clear that he expects to find someone waiting for him. That, in fact, is where he beats us. It is easy to leave a message on the door, but it is not easy to go back and find it there, and take it down and throw it in the fire. To put oneself at the mercy of Providence in this way is too great a risk. Unless one has the gift of optimism it is better surely to avoid compromising oneself with the future to the extent even of ten minutes. We may be back; but what reason have we to suppose that anyone will be waiting there?

THE LONELY ROAD.

IT is a black night, blowing and raining, and the village gets its Saturday marketing done early and curtails its customary promenade "up-street". But the people from the outlying farms and cottages a mile or two from the centre of the parish are a less impressionable race than the street-dwellers, and come down very unconcerned through the downpour to do their business and

pay accustomed calls, and to hear the week's happenings to their neighbours with more circumstance than reached their solitudes by chance of the baker's cart or the doctor stopping a minute at the garden gate. The street itself is a sort of sheltering port after the trudge down the windy hillsides; an hour under the lee of the houses, where the comfortable light of the shop windows glimmers on the streaming pavement and wood-smoke and supper-smells are blown gustily about the lane corners, repays the journey in the storm. There are the shops, there is the genial stuffiness of friendly parlours, the cheerful cloud of the "Griffin" bar, to make a man forget the elements if he is oppressed by the chance of a dirty night; but the up-country folk very rarely suffer from such a weakness of mind: they presently turn homewards at the leisurely pace at which they came down, stopping a minute under the churchyard wall to count their marketings, hoisting the old green umbrella or hitching the sack closer under their ears, before they vanish into the streaming dark. They do not need in the least the commiseration which some people, with solicitous nose at the crack of a street door, would give them. It is very seldom that bad weather, when one is out in it, is half as bad as it looks or sounds to be from indoors; but a night such as this can scarcely be called a bad one in any sense. The wind is full south, blowing with long sweeping gusts and sudden lulls; the air is soft and rich with the breath of spring, the clean, fine smell of growing grass and fresh-ploughed soil and wet, budding hedges. There is no sting in the drift of the rain; its steady beat has a lulling monotony, and the low sound of pattering or trickling drops, the murmur of dripping woods far and near as the wind draws or falls, make an admirable music to walk to. As the road unwinds, a just visible glimmer between the solid blackness of the hedges, sometimes lost altogether while heavier cloud masses draw overhead, there comes upon the traveller, with the even beat of his steps and the deeper-drawn breath, a feeling of serene community with the scene and the hour: the mind seems to absorb content as the bodily case, nipped and shrunk of late by the harsh east, is supplanted and mollified by the kindly moisture. To feel the rain under the open heaven in company with the pushing grasses and exhaling ground is to enjoy a pleasure not dreamed of by the people who draw the curtains to shut out the dismal night, and perhaps are moved to a pleasing shudder at the southing gale and the splash of drops against the pane. That elementary experience grows rarer; country walks after dark, with all the learning of nocturnal sights and sounds, the familiarity with the constellations and the differences of stars and the magic of moonlight, and perhaps more than all the true virtue of solitude, seem to be left—save for a few survivals or wilful reactionaries here and there—to such people as rural postmen, the village constable, poor parsons in scattered parishes, and the cottagers and farm folk who come down to the village for their marketing after hours. There is no way of getting the learning but on one's own legs: wheels of any sort, with their necessity for steering and lights, and their apparently irresistible temptation to speed for its own sake, are fatal to undistracted contemplation: for that nothing can approach the perfect automatism of the human stride; and for anyone who cares to look a little beneath the surface and round the corners of Nature three miles an hour is the maximum pace on a country road on a soft, wet night in May. Some perhaps of those with the longest and closest acquaintance with wet walks in the dark are a good deal slower even than this. If chance or choice should lead us out of the village up the high road this drenched evening after the closing hour, we are sure to overtake before we have gone far beyond the old paygate at Lunce's Green a certain John Avery on his homeward journey to his cottage at Little Ease, a small, lean figure, stooped almost to a right angle, laboriously shuffling up the hill. We saw him in the light of the shop windows in the street, or, it may be, we know by daylight the weatherburnt wrinkled face beneath a shock of thick grey curls, the humour in the faded blue eyes—whose customary lack of speculation is much more a matter of choice than a stranger might be led to suppose. Perhaps we may have fallen in with him at his Saturday

night affairs in the village, exchanged brief greetings while we stood in the drenched and steaming file at the post-office counter, or assisted with a silent but attentive company at the chemist's intimate diagnosis of complaints. Whatsoever the degree of acquaintance may be, it is impossible to defy the feeling of fellowship which the downpour produces in all open-air travellers, and to come abreast of the plodding figure without slackening the pace and opening conversation. The first remark, upon the quality of the night, is of course formal; but beyond the weather and its bearing on farm work old John will not be led very far. There are incidental references to neighbours, chiefly in a vein of acute and humorous censure; but everything works back before long to the influences of the heavens. Of wider interests, as we call them, he takes no care. The headlines of the newspaper bills outside the little tobacco shop, announcing national cataclysms or party crimes, even if the eye read the print, convey nothing to his mind. He is content on the whole with the dispensation which confines this disputatious government of the country to book-learned gentlemen—a race who could not lay a hedge, or tell when to cut seeds, or do a job of tan-flawing to save their lives—and turns over to him the changeless, undebatable business of getting the stuff of life out of the ground. He has served the State in his own way, perhaps, sufficiently to have earned a dispensation from a share in guiding its destinies. If his way of life has spoiled him as a politician, has it blunted any of his more ethereal faculties? Can we say whether he has any sense of the influences of such a night as this, any consciousness of the quickening power in the breath of the wet wind, of the signs of life given by the smell of the new grass and the drains running full through the ploughed clay, of the melancholy in the cry of the plover wheeling somewhere over the dark furrows? There is not much evidence to guess from; but it seems likely that without any of our self-conscious note-taking and comparisons, in a direct and practical way he responds adequately to the motions of the natural world. He has in him by instinct the simplicity of apprehension which we try to regain by book formulas and by impossible renunciation of habit and tradition. He still lives in the old world, upon the first-laid foundations, unaffected by our superstructures. The great black masts of the telephone line which loom over us at the roadside as we pass have no meaning for him; but the clump of firs at the top of the hill takes his eye as its straight-set columns bar for a moment a lighter space in the clouds. By daylight it is a landmark to half the county; those who have watched it for twenty years have seen no perceptible change in its outline; but old Avery was at the planting of the trees nearly seventy years ago. Almost any time now, he says, they'll be ready for falling, and perhaps he will have the bringing of them down who helped to put them in. Among all the arts he knows—he is by inheritance and liking first of all a ploughman, but has in his time turned his hand to every branch of the encyclopædic learning of a first-rate farm labourer—it has been his business, along with his mates, to provide pine timber for the world to use as its fashion changes—a mast for Argo to fetch the Golden Fleece, or for the singing wires which enable us to "do our shopping in comfort by our own fire-sides"; to grow corn for cities which have leisure for the Circus or the Cup-Tie. His labour feeds all that other Labour which has learned the worth of capital letters; yet it is the only form which has no time to combine, to talk in congresses, to engineer strikes, but finds its occupation enough after hours to make a five miles' crook-backed trudge through the rain for a bottle of stuff for the rheumatism or pennyworths of garden seeds. There must be a division of tasks after all: our ploughman at least does not try to inhabit two provinces at once.

And yet the fancy will sometimes come that behind the silence or the dry, evasive speech, behind the apathetic fixity of expression, there lies a definite and not wholly benevolent appreciation of the energies of public men, and an inkling at least of his own place in the national order. Sometimes it seems that he alone understands the actual price of life, the exact rates of speed and force and expense of thought at which a people can be fed; and that some day, when certain

innutritious substitutes shall be exhausted, we shall turn to John Avery, and the men who still remember, to put things right again, if there still be time. As the uncouth, warped figure turns out of the highway and vanishes into the thicker darkness that lies in the hollow lane leading to Little Ease, the doubt may rise whether such craftsmen, when search is made for them, may not be too well hidden ever to be found.

UNIVERSITY CRICKET PROSPECTS.

THE two Universities have been playing cricket for a month, and so short is the life of their season, so quickly does prospect pass into retrospect, that if the annual prophecy be any longer delayed it will cease to be prophetic.

Cambridge seem to have waited for the cold before beginning their trial matches, but Oxford began early in fine weather, and have already played two of their foreign matches. The problem which confronts Mr. Hurst, the Oxford captain, is simple. He has the four bowlers and the wicket-keeper of last year, together with himself. Thus six places are taken, and there remain five more to be filled, and all of these by batsmen. It sometimes happens that through malign fate the man who is known to be a good player persists in failure after failure at the beginning of the season. But luckily this year, against Lees and Mr. Crawford, of Surrey, Mr. Hooman, Mr. Salter (the seniors), and Mr. Evans (the freshman) have at once established themselves in impregnable positions, and Mr. Leese, by his play in the same match, is only a little less secure. These four batsmen are all good players. Mr. Hooman has steadied himself, Mr. Salter is at last playing at Oxford as he plays away from Oxford, and Mr. Evans is obviously a player of distinction. The problem then narrows itself down to the one remaining place, the chief candidates for which are Mr. Lagden, Mr. Altham, and Mr. Sale. These three are all Freshmen. Mr. Lagden is a hard hitter but with elementary notions of defence. Mr. Altham belongs to a sound type, but is somewhat anxious in temperament and over-given to attitudes. Mr. Sale is a left-hander, with all the fine strokes of the left-hander, but at present too eager to score, too tempted by the ball on the off. Mr. Altham and Mr. Sale are probably better cricketers than Mr. Lagden, and one point should be borne in mind: the batsman for the last place should be steady. The tail of the team is long. It practically begins at No. 7—though Mr. Hatfield could be a batsman if he chose—and three at any rate of the first five batsmen are likely to be forcing players.

As to the bowling, that should be extremely good. Mr. Gilbert is bowling very finely, and Mr. Robinson by sheer brute force is always dangerous. The other two, Mr. Hatfield and Mr. Lowe, each have their peculiarities, and are capable of getting wickets, and in Mr. Evans there is a good change bowler. Further, if one looks afield, the University has an exceptionally promising bowler in Mr. Coxhead.

At Cambridge the problem is likely to be more complex. In 1908 the side was weak through lack of bowlers, and as far as the trial matches go, no obvious bowler to help Mr. Olivier, Mr. Lyttelton, and Mr. Goodwin, if still in residence, has yet been found. Mr. McLeod will play in the University match, and his bowling may have improved. Even so there is some need of reinforcement, and at present Mr. Lockhart, who would be the legitimate successor of Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Priestley, a medium-paced right-arm bowler, seem the most likely candidates. But it looks as if the main burden would continue to fall on Mr. Olivier and Mr. Lyttelton.

The batting on the other hand will be exceptionally powerful and brilliant. For the last three years the stagnant spectator has been refreshed by the irresponsible play of Mr. Buchanan, whereby for a brief space Lord's has been treated as a village green. But captaincy is certain to have its chilling effect, and Mr. Buchanan, with his great natural gifts, will be very formidable. Of last year's batsmen there still remain Mr. Falcon, Mr. Ireland, and Mr. McLeod, and they

are all batsmen of the aggressive school. The side will, therefore, stand in need of some steadying influence. Mr. Collins, who can also bowl, will have to be considered, and Mr. Ramsbotham, a dreary descendant of Mr. Keigwin, is quite likely to get a place as the first batsman on the list. Mr. Prest, a freshman from Malvern; Mr. Mann, who just missed his blue last year; Mr. Doll, Mr. Hughes; Mr. Nason, who has played for Sussex; Mr. Bache, a steady left-hander, are the most likely among the rest. The choice is large and the material is good. The difficulty will be to choose. There are three candidates for the place of wicket-keeper, Mr. Tufnell, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Baggallay. Of these Mr. Baggallay is probably the best.

At the moment it seems that Cambridge will have a longer line of good batsmen, but weaker bowling, while Oxford, with fewer batsmen, will have the stronger bowling. For Oxford the outlook will always be serious if once wickets begin to fall with any suddenness at the beginning of the innings. But there was precisely that same danger in 1908, and if anything the new batsmen of 1909 are better than their predecessors. Cambridge, on the other hand, will rely on their batsmen, and in the sphere of batting they will undoubtedly be powerful. On a good lasting wicket they should be difficult to defeat, but on a bowlers' wicket, whether fiery or wet, Oxford should have the better chance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

East Budleigh, 15 May 1909.

SIR,—In his article on "Ireland and the Budget", that appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 15 May, Sir Thomas Esmonde appears to have ignored the fact that the Chancellor's Budget proposals apply to all parts of the United Kingdom, and in some cases adversely affect that part of the United Kingdom called Great Britain more than the part called Ireland, and vice versa.

Space will not permit of a reply to all Sir T. Esmonde's arguments as regards the case of Ireland, but the opening paragraphs of his article—indicating as they do that "separate fiscal entity" and "Home Rule" are in his mind—are worthy of some comment. He says:

"In 1895 a Royal Commission reported that Ireland was overtaxed some three millions a year. This Report was debated annually in Parliament for several sessions with no result, until in 1901 Sir Michael Hicks Beach imposed a tax—the coal tax—to which Ireland did not contribute, and which brought to the Exchequer the substantial payment of two millions a year. With the advent of the present Government this tax was promptly abolished, although it was paid by the foreigner, and was a useful tax from various standpoints—the electioneering one excepted. Although Sir Michael Hicks Beach was never thanked for it, this tax was an important one for us, and especially interesting as the child of a Unionist Government, for it embodied the principle of separate fiscal treatment for Ireland."

With regard to the last statement, I would point out that the exemption of Ireland from the export duty on coal, imposed by the Unionist Government, was quite in accordance with Article 7 of the Act of Union; also that the Act of Union did not embody the principle of separate fiscal treatment for Ireland, but just the reverse in the event of the consolidation of the Exchequers. The Act declared (vide Article 7, Subsection 8) that if the Exchequers were consolidated, as they were in 1816, then "the expenditure of the United Kingdom shall be defrayed indiscriminately by equal taxes on the same articles in each country, subject only to such particular exemptions or abatements in Ireland as circumstances may appear from time to time to demand".

This, as I understand it, means one Customs tariff for the whole United Kingdom, but if considered necessary particular exemptions or abatements for Ireland with regard to Inland Revenue taxes.

Ireland has some exemptions from internal taxes: e.g. she is exempt from land tax, house duty and several

other taxes paid by the people of Great Britain; she also has abatements: e.g. the dog tax is only 2s. 6d. in Ireland. These exemptions or abatements were evidently intended to be the exception, not the rule, for the word used regarding them is "particular", not "general". The only question is whether circumstances demand that Ireland should be so exempted.

As regards the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland, which issued its Report in 1896, it is notorious that the Commission was assembled at the request of Mr. J. Redmond—who was one of its members—in view of the establishment of a parliament in Ireland. The Commission was composed of a majority of Irishmen; nine out of the thirteen Commissioners were avowed "Home Rulers", and there was not a single member on the Commission opposed to "Home Rule" to watch the interests of the taxpayers of England and Wales. In fact it was a packed Commission that took, in the main, ex parte evidence from ex parte witnesses, and it decided, by a majority vote, that Ireland was overtaxed and that her "taxable capacity" was one-twentieth that of Great Britain, while three Irish "Nationalist" members of the Commission declared in a separate report that it was only one-thirty-sixth. The Commissioners did not make clear how they discovered the "taxable capacity", and declared that their conclusions were only approximate. They sent in six separate reports, and two independent members of the Commission—both Scots—dissented entirely from the foregone conclusions arrived at. The conclusions of this Commission should not be assented to until the question has been examined by a Commission more fairly composed and more fairly representative of all parts of the United Kingdom and of both the great political parties.

Mr. J. Redmond—who is, I believe, the leader of the party to which Sir T. Esmonde belongs—in his recent Budget speech said that Ireland was enduring taxation without representation. This of course is not a fact, except in so far as it may be misrepresented by the party which he leads. If taxation and representation are to go together, then on whatever percentage of capacity for paying taxes Ireland is placed, on the same percentage should her representative capacity be placed. Under the one-twentieth scale Ireland's representatives would number about thirty-four instead of one hundred and three, while if one-thirty-sixth is taken the number would be reduced to about fifteen members.

The fact is that Ireland is over-represented in the Parliament of the United Kingdom on whichever basis you calculate, whether of wealth or population, while in the matter of the finances of the United Kingdom Ireland already gets far more than she gives, and is now trying to get more and give less.

Yours faithfully, T. EDWARDS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 West Park Gardens, Kew, 8 May 1909.

SIR,—As the curtain is slowly withdrawn, the dangers of our military situation become clearer and more definite. Far from attempting to fulfil the promises of retrenchment so lavishly made at the General Election, it is now certain that the Government have embarked upon a policy of reckless expenditure which will swallow up the money necessary to strengthen the fleet and to supply us with an efficient army of sufficient size.

It would be idle to seek for a flaw in the reasoning of so able a man as the present Secretary for War: we must examine his premisses to detect the error which pervades our present military arrangements. From the first it was admitted, and with good reason, that the system of instruction proposed for the Territorial Force was not such as to qualify it to meet an invader with success in the case of a sudden attack; and it was assumed that the necessary instructions could be given during the six months that would pass between a declaration of war and the actual encounter. The Navy, it was broadly asserted, was so superior in numbers to the combined fleets of any two possible enemies that if it could not crush them, it could at least contain them for the six

months necessary to teach the Territorials to obey, to shoot, to march and to manœuvre. But the six months hypothesis turns out to be a pure fiction. The resources of the Navy have been so cabined, cribbed, confined that, with all the skill and courage that is theirs, they cannot be trusted to contain the fleet of one possible enemy, Germany, for even six weeks, much less six months. The consequence is clear: in case of attack we have not an adequate number of efficient troops to defend the country. The Territorials would be in the same position as a certain army in olden times in which were to be found "veterans who had never mounted guard or shouted 'sentry go', and who looked upon parapets and ditches as things strange and wondrous" (*veteranos qui non stationem, non vigilas inissent, vallum fossamque quasi nova et mira viserent*). In these circumstances happy are those who can "sleep quietly in their beds", as they have been admonished to do. But how long are we to trade upon the forbearance of our neighbours?

Yours obediently, H. W. L. HIME.

MEA CULPA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devonshire Club, S. James', 17 May 1909.

SIR,—The fine protest that was raised by Mr. Watson has now been strongly reinforced by the moving article in the SATURDAY by Mr. Filson Young on the neglect and death of John Davidson. As Mr. Filson Young well points out, everyone who is interested in literature is to blame in this matter. I hasten to acknowledge my share of the blame, and only wish that Mr. Filson Young had been able to give the public some indication of poor Davidson's miserable circumstances. Though it is possible that the unfortunate poet would not have accepted pecuniary help, I do not think he would have refused the sympathy and appreciation which many would have been glad to have offered him. This seems a futile thing to say now, when he is safely ensconced in the Poets' Corner that holds Chatterton, Lovelace, Camoëns, and the rest of the poets who have died of starvation. It is, however, a good thing to make public confession of one's error, and I am much obliged to Mr. Filson Young for having given me the opportunity to do so.

Shortly before the tragic event I happened to send to a lending library for Davidson's poems; they had not got them; I doubt if they had heard of them. I sent again after his death; they had never heard that he had lived. I sent yesterday, giving the messenger a marked copy of the SATURDAY with Mr. Filson Young's letter in it. The answer I received was that they had never been asked for this writer's works, but would endeavour to get them for me if I would tell them the name of his publisher.

This of course was not extraordinary, for we know what the great public reads; but it in no wise exonerates those of us who profess apprehension, and I am glad that Mr. Filson Young has made us see ourselves as we really are, hypocrites, Pharisees, and, to the full, as great bourgeois as those we so often deride.

Yours faithfully, R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Athenæum Club.

SIR,—I would add to your account of shortcomings in the Covent Garden Opera the total lack of artistic atmosphere and treatment in the salle. Nothing more rude or barbarous can be conceived. In the royal or municipal opera houses abroad everything is treated in a rich and impressive fashion. The vast domed ceiling shows all the gods and goddesses reposing on cerulean clouds: the scene is full of animation and glowing colours. The fronts of the boxes have beautifully painted panels set off by gilded carvings, while the proscenium, with its emblematic figures and stately curtains, supplies an air of richness and dignity. This palatial treatment naturally elevates and refines the spectator's thoughts: even before the curtain rises. But Covent Garden! There is a decorated coved ceiling, but the decorative motive—incredible it must seem—is fishermen's ropes, nets, cords &c., spread over the surface.

The decoration of the tiers of boxes is of the baldest house-painter kind. But a glance at the proscenium triumphantly decides the question that the English public have little notion of art or taste. Two red bedstead curtains, with velvet borders, are sheltered above by a sort of skimpy valance cut and pieced together out of strange fragments. This curtain descends almost into the orchestra—for commercial interest requires the abolition of the fore-stage or "apron". Two openings, however, are cut into the space below the stage to hold the superfluous orchestra, and—will it be credited?—one of these is a long one, the other short, which disturbing inequality is visible to the whole audience. The shabbiness of this treatment impairs the stage effect: while abroad, the rich framework ennobles and sets off everything within the frame—audience as well as scenery and actors. Anyone who has seen the richly decorated and attractive La Monnaie Theatre at Brussels, will have felt how much the dramatic impression is aided by this decorative magnificence. I fancy Mr. Higgins would find his account in a proper, attractive scheme of decoration.

I am etc.,

PERCY FITZGERALD, F.S.A.

JOHN FITZGIBBON'S DEAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

House of Commons, 18 May 1909.

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct an error into which you have been led in regard to the action of a very prominent official of the United Irish League? You wrote on 8 May: "John FitzGibbon, patriot and joint trustee with Bishop O'Donnell for the funds of 'the Cause', bought a farm several years ago to keep for division among 'the people' and to prevent its purchase by somebody who might not be a patriot. John has now sold the farm to his old friends the Congested Districts Board, pocketing a clear profit of £339 on the patriotic transaction, not to mention twice that sum which he ought to have made out of the land itself while he had the use of it. That is what a 'sound Nationalist' can make by leading the League and working a 'corner' in congestion." This is in substance the answer given by Mr. Birrell to Mr. Lonsdale on 3 May, translated into the more literary style of the SATURDAY. I enclose now a communication sent by Mr. FitzGibbon to Mr. Birrell and published in the "Freeman's Journal".

It appears from this detailed statement that Mr. FitzGibbon bought Heathfield Farm, previously a grass ranche, at a time when the Congested Districts Board was not in a position to do so, expressly to resell for subdivision; that he resold to the Congested Districts Board in a year; and on the whole transaction made a loss of £44; but this sum was deducted by his solicitors from their costs. He was, however, apparently out of pocket by the interest on £2000 for six months. The transaction was, it seems to me, one which Mr. FitzGibbon's friends have no occasion to apologise for.

Yours faithfully, STEPHEN GWYNN.

[The pretty thing in Mr. Gwynn's defence is that it rests solely on the evidence of the accused, "a communication sent by Mr. FitzGibbon". Mr. Birrell's official communication to the House of Commons, after due notice, and after full analysis of the official figures, is that Mr. FitzGibbon "would appear to have made £339 out of the transaction". Is Mr. Gwynn aware that the question in the House arose in the first instance from official information? Is it his intention to suggest that his right honourable friend is a liar, or merely a bungler who cannot be trusted to know his own business? After Mr. Gwynn has got Mr. Birrell to confess, we shall be pleased to listen to him again; but we have it from Mr. Gwynn's own colleagues in the Irish party, gentlemen who know Castlereagh better than either himself or Mr. Birrell, that the estimate of Mr. FitzGibbon's gains at £339 is much too low. The brief this time is unusually difficult, and the instructions do not appear to be very satisfactory; but we have a high opinion of Mr. Gwynn's ability. This thing must be very nasty either for Mr. Gwynn or for Mr. Birrell in the end; meantime, we are ready to hear evidence.—Ed. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

A POPE OF MANY PARTS.

"Æneas Silvius (Pius II.)." By William Boulting.
London: Constable. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

THERE is no Pope who lived so full a life or left so complete a record of it as Pius II. Europe produced all-round men in the fifteenth century, Italy a remarkable number. Æneas Silvius Piccolomini was one of them, "born", as Platina says, "not for ease and idleness but for conversance with great affairs", a man of action and a man of letters combined, a ready speaker, a finished writer, a diplomat and a politician. If contemporary judgment is apt to be carried away by this kind of versatility, posterity is apt to grudge it its due. To dismiss Æneas as a Pope amongst politicians and a politician amongst Popes would be just as superficial as to claim him a place with Gregory the Great or Innocent III. He himself would have been the last man to make the claim. No one realised his own failings better than himself. His memoirs are so outspoken that we cannot help starting with a strong bias in his favour. If our final judgment, following the German biographer Voigt, puts him down a time-server and a worldly-wise man, we must remember that without the frank admissions of his own writings we should have little evidence against him.

"Pius II.," so runs his epitaph in the newly restored San Andrea della Valle, "sovereign pontiff, a Tuscan by nation, by birth a native of Siena, of the family of the Piccolomini, reigned for six years. He reunited a Christian Council in the interests of the faith. He resisted the enemies of the Holy Roman See. He placed Catherine of Siena among the saints of Christ. He abolished the Pragmatic sanction in France. As he was setting out for the war which he had declared against the Turks he died at Ancona." We might quote more. For there are many other sentences telling of further achievements. Some men fill a great place in the world, but when it comes to write their obituary there is little to say. With Æneas it was the reverse. Content to work on the surface and along the line of least resistance, he achieved many of those successes that are easily recorded. In spite, or perhaps because, of them he died a disappointed man. Of the virtues that won him success, and the failings that doomed him to ultimate disappointment, Creighton has given a masterly description in the "History of the Papacy"; so masterly indeed as to make it very difficult for Mr. Boulting or anyone else to improve upon it. There is however this justification for a book devoted exclusively to him. Many people who would fight shy of a six-volume history will read a one-volume biography. If they want a clear impression of Æneas they make a mistake, and our advice to them is this: "For choice read the Pope's own 'Commentaries'; if you cannot understand Latin, read Creighton; and if you will not read Creighton, you will find it in Mr. Boulting's biography, a readable book, well printed, fairly written, passably correct, marred by no more than the average number of inconsistently spelt proper names." Æneas himself would have liked the book. His two bugbears, pedantry and theological discussion, are kept out of it. It is full of picturesque detail, and just as his own memoirs are written in a free-and-easy Latin that is no dead language, so its style, if sometimes slipshod, is smooth and pleasant. The fault that we have to find is that, like many recent biographies, it is just good enough to annoy us because it is not better. There is interest in plenty to make it good reading—journeyings in distant lands, secret missions, a Border raid, a General Council, a Papal election; though when we have finished it we are left with the feeling that we have read a pleasant book, but that we are not much further advanced in our understanding of the man. How was it, for example, that success after success came to Æneas the secretary and disappointment and disillusion to Pius the Pope? Mr. Boulting does not answer the question. Read, on the other hand, the "Commentaries", and it becomes clear that it was just those qualities that gave Æneas success in small

things that made failure inevitable in big things. Æneas was determined to succeed, not by elbowing his way through jostling crowds, but by consistently pleasing the powers that be. Ready wit, unfailing tact, sure instinct for backing the winning side, brought him to the highest position in Europe. But though they had brought him there, they made Europe distrust him. "Reject Æneas, accept Pius" was his prayer in a Bull to the University of Cologne. It fell on deaf ears; Europe refused to let him turn over a new leaf, and insisted on referring to back pages. There was nothing particularly discreditable to be found in them. It had been the story of a young man of many talents, few principles and no prejudices, who had worked his way from a private secretaryship to the chair of S. Peter. The Council of Basle had introduced him into public life, and it was as the defender of the Conciliar movement that he had first come into prominence. He had soon seen that the Conciliar movement was doomed, and, to quote his own words, "Shall a man take up arms to confront death in a barren cause?" He "therefore went over to the neutral side"—namely the Emperor—"to learn the truth". In due course the truth had been revealed in Papal Infallibility; and he had become the confidential servant of three Popes. A great danger was threatening Europe, Turkish invasion. Æneas, orator and diplomat, had come forward as the chief missionary of a crusade. And so it had happened that when Calixtus V. died a successor was found in the Siennese Cardinal who had pleased everyone and taken a foremost place in the chief questions of public interest. The Papacy needed rehabilitating. Though it had destroyed the Conciliar movement, it had not come scathless out of the struggle. The new sentiment of nationality was striking at the very root of mediæval institutions. Unless it was carefully directed it might leave as little room for the Pope as it threatened to leave for the Emperor. If the Papacy was to remain the centre of European politics, it needed one of those rallying cries that had never failed to make Europe join its colours. In the old call to a crusade Pius found what was needed. Not indeed that his motives were political and nothing more. As a humanist he could not bear to think of the libraries of Constantinople in the hands of savages. But more than that, judged by the rather lax standard of the renaissance, he was a religious man, to quote Platina again, "a devout and sincere Christian, frequent in Confession and Communion", and some of the old crusading spirit had really entered into his soul. There were many reasons therefore to make him do his utmost to excite Christendom. The task was hopeless. What the chronicle of Spire says of the Germans was true of all Western Europe: "They had too many quarrels among themselves to want another with the Turk". Insincere in their own enthusiasm, they fell back upon questioning the sincerity of the Pope's. It was no difficult matter to satisfy themselves that he was seeking his own advantage. If they wished to justify their suspicion they had only to quote incidents in his past career. Singleness of purpose had never been one of his virtues. Instead of "rejecting Æneas and accepting Pius" they persisted in quoting the unregenerate Æneas to confute the regenerate Pius.

The Pope certainly gave them some ground for distrust. As an old politician he could never resist the temptation of turning aside from his main purpose to gain some passing advantage for the Holy See; as a man of the world he could not rid himself of a certain self-consciousness of the dramatic effect that he was creating by offering to take the Cross. "The moving style," he writes of one of his speeches, "the novel proposal, the readiness of the Pope to give his life for his sheep, caused many tears to be shed." This is not the stuff that crusaders are made of; the gulf between Pius and Peter the Hermit was as wide as the gulf between Louis XI. and Louis IX. or the Congress of Mantua and the Council of Clermont. Yet for all his want of singleness of purpose, Pius was in earnest; and there is real tragedy in the collapse of his schemes. The final fiasco he fortunately did not live to see. Crippled with gout, disappointed and disillusioned, he struggled to Ancona, the meeting-place of the crusade. No crusaders had arrived; his illness grew worse; his hours were num-

bered. As he lay on his death-bed he saw the Venetian squadron enter the harbour. One would like to think that he died happy in the thought that the forces of Christendom were gathering in their might. Even in the hour of death he was still distrusted. The Venetian Doge refused to believe in his illness; the Florentine convoy saw in his visit to Ancona a ruse to seize the citadel; so determined was Europe to suspect him to the end. We cannot help feeling that he deserved better treatment. If he was not a great Pope, he at least left the Papacy stronger than he found it. If he was not a saint, his morals were better than most of his contemporaries. If his style did not conform to the strict canons of contemporary humanists, his writings are read and enjoyed when Filelfo and Valla are only names. If his crusade proved a failure, no one could have made it succeed. It was something for a fifteenth-century Pope to think of it; it was a very remarkable thing for a fifteenth-century Pope to sacrifice his life in the attempt.

BANCROFT BABBLE.

"The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years." By Marie Bancroft and Squire Bancroft. London: Murray. 1909. 15s. net.

NEARLY twenty-five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft published an account of themselves and their professional career in two volumes, known as "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage". The public which likes babble about the stage, even were it only the "Reminiscences of a Ballet Girl", bought it up to the extent of seven editions, and then it passed out of print. Not satisfied with this success, "as gratifying as it was surprising to two authors unused to the pen", Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft have re-cast and re-published the whole thing. Their apology is the usual one of writers who are contemplating wholly unnecessary memoirs and memories, that they have been asked so often whether they had written or why they did not write their reminiscences. A more candid reason would probably be that they had a big drawerful of old press notices which were not used in the earlier volumes. Press notices are the very life's breath of the stage performer; and we can well imagine that so long as their collection was unused Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft were uneasy and believed they were withholding an invaluable treasure from posterity. Their own description of them is "They are to us cherished flowers of speech which for so long a time were strewn upon a hard-worked path from many gardens". We do not quite know what "a hard-worked path from many gardens" may be, but if there is a public which cares any longer to read these faded "flowers of speech" we shall be very much surprised. We must admit, however, that very probably Sir Squire Bancroft knows better than we do that there is always a constant supply of the stage- and actor-mad who will read any babble that may be concocted for them about the stage. Such as this, for instance, about Sir Henry Irving: "Although denied by the accident of life the advantages of a first-class education, Irving possessed the knowledge and the learning which schools and colleges may fail to teach; and certainly, in the later years, he would have graced in manner and aspect any position to which he might have been called". One sees that it is not by the charm of his literary style and felicity of expression that Sir Squire Bancroft runs into seven editions. Possibly literary unskilfulness and not characteristic egoism is responsible for his speaking of his "contribution to all that has been so fully and so ably written of Irving". What we have quoted, and there is much more of the same sort, is very similar to a deal of the stuff that has been written about Sir Squire's brother knight. The fulness, the superfluity of it is undoubted, but like Sir Squire's own contribution there is not any noticeable ability about it.

When we come to the later incidents of the Bancrofts' lives we find in a few pages more unmitigated drivel than we believe has been published in any book since their first effort a quarter of a century ago. There

is so much of it that we must select. The occasion is his presentation to Queen Victoria at Ballater after the play of "Pattes de Mouche". "When I had the honour of being presented the Queen, who stood alone in the centre of the room, surrounded by a circle formed by members of the Royal Family, her Majesty's guests—who included, I remember, Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick (as Lord and Lady Glenesk then were) and Johannes Wolff, the celebrated violinist, as well as the ladies and gentlemen in waiting—spoke to me for some minutes in perhaps the most beautiful and winning voice I ever listened to, although I have lived in the company of a strong rival to it for more than forty years". Would that we could go on for several pages more and reproduce that volume of sycophantic gush which Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft poured forth at this exquisite period of their mutual connubial bliss. What a smile there must have been on the face of "My Lord Marquess" of Salisbury when that letter reached him from the knight in embryo to whom it was such a "profound gratification that the recommendation should have emanated from your lordship". And what a year 1897 was for the new Sir Squire and Lady! There was the "accolade" when "We passed from Southampton to the Isle of Wight in the Royal yacht"; there was the Jubilee garden party when he spoke to the Prince of Wales; there was the garden party given by her Majesty "in the last summer of her life, when she graciously honoured some among her loving subjects whom she seldom met". It is hardly worth while speaking harshly of all this silliness; but it is wonderful that two people of sixty years of age should deliberately put such childish stuff into print. We have never met with anything which shows more clearly how ability on the stage is compatible with general insignificance of intellect and temperament. But want of discrimination and taste reaches the point of offensiveness when Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft mix up their personalities so obtrusively with the last days of Queen Victoria. What fitness do they think there can be in the mouths of Bancrofts of language of this sort? "Then came the end of the reign of that great monarch, that amazing woman:

O Queen of Queens!
How far dost thou excel
No thought can think".

Certain execrable verses of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox on the Queen's funeral let them admire if they like; but nobody of true taste and feeling would have written this: "On that never-to-be-forgotten day we saw what Ella Wheeler Wilcox so pathetically describes as 'The Queen's Last Ride'. My wife was at Lord Glenesk's house in Piccadilly. I had the honour to be invited to the Chapel Royal at Windsor". Was there ever snobbery so vulgar?

THE "LORDLY ADRIATIC".

"The Shores of the Adriatic: the Austrian Side." By F. Hamilton Jackson. London: Murray. 1909. 21s.

IN this handsome and interesting book Mr. Hamilton Jackson completes a study of the Adriatic to which he has given time and thought unsparingly. They have been spent worthily, for the subject is little touched by former writers, and it may be that even Mr. Jackson's industry has not exhausted it. In a field so vast a man sees what he brings with him, and the fact that other men come with other eyes takes nothing from the merit of his work.

It was a true instinct which led Mr. Jackson to treat the whole gulf in a single work; for thus only can the position of its cities both in classical and mediæval times rightly be stated. Geologically even, there is a certain unity about the Adriatic, the sea depths north of a line from Monte Gargano to Albania being less everywhere than 800 feet; while beyond that line they are often five times as great. Historically, the common interests of both shores have been close and frequent. The Roman

fleet at Aquileia had charge of the Upper Adriatic from Ancona to Zara, and in later days when Lombard successes had dismembered the Roman Empire Zara became a naval centre for Byzantium. Then at no great distance of time the power of Venice began to rise upon the world. It was no mere greed of dominion which led the rulers of the island city to lay hands upon the Istrian and Dalmatian shore. Long before their power had increased to the point at which men covet wider territory, it had become an object almost of life and death to reduce the activities of the ancient cities whose bold sailors raided their property and disturbed their trade. Ships coming up the Adriatic were obliged often to hug the Istrian coast, and were exposed to constant attack. How great the dangers were may be judged reasonably enough from a consideration of the brief epitaphs on the early Doges recorded by Sanuto. For instance, on the Doge Traudonico, murdered in 865: "In Dalmatas et Saracenos Mare Superum infestantes classem instruxi". Of his successor the record is "Furentes Dalmatas compescui"; and thenceforth it appears to have been considered that no Doge's memory could be commended more worthily to his countrymen than by the inscription of words implying sturdy resistance to the perils issuing from the opposite shore. If the lust of gain served to turn the policy of Venice against its neighbour cities, one need neither wonder nor condemn. "Cao d'Istria", as the soft speech of the lagoons phrased it, was and is a fair land, whose castled promontories shelter ancient harbours and cities whose origin is lost in the mists of early time. If its surface is mountainous and stony it has rich and fertile valleys, with woods and rivers in abundance; and none who sails by Pirano, or snatches from Mr. Jackson's vivid pages a glimpse of its battlemented towers reflected in the green waters of the harbour far below, is likely to marvel at the eagerness of Venice to seize such a land and hold it firmly for her own.

So firmly did Venice stamp her impress on the conquered territory that to this day the traveller passing from cape to islet along the whole length of that storied coast is met incessantly by campaniles modelled obviously on the lost glory of St. Mark's. The architectural interest of the country lies chiefly in its basilicas, many of which date from the sixth century, that of Parenzo being probably the finest. To the history and description of these fine buildings Mr. Jackson has devoted the most industrious care, and it may be long before the record by his pen and pencil is superseded.

As at the outset, so at the close of every study of the Adriatic the dominating impression is unity. It could hardly be otherwise, for indeed the gulf was a link rather than a barrier between East and West, and the trade routes lay right across it. Bari, Trani and a dozen other cities of the Italian shore caught a considerable quantity of the trade coming by the two land routes from Constantinople via Cattaro or Alessio; and with the trade came craftsmen, painters, architects, all of whom have left visible evidences to this day of the community of thought, interest and culture which had grown up along both shores of the great gulf. For the origins of that unity we must seek in very early times, the antiquity of the trade routes being almost immeasurable. The abandonment of those routes and the general adoption of sea transit leaves the ancient cities on either shore of the Adriatic more or less detached from the busy marts of modern commerce. But their beauty is as great as ever, their historical interest nothing can destroy.

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS.

"The Letters of Ludwig van Beethoven." A Critical Edition, with Explanatory Notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer. Translated, with Preface, by J. S. Shedlock. London: Dent. 2 vols. 21s. net.

THESE two handsome volumes contain perhaps the most nearly complete collection which it is possible to make at the present time of Beethoven's correspondence. The German editor, who has already published

some collections of unprinted letters, has now drawn his material from every possible source, and the result is a total of something over twelve hundred. In many cases he has restored the text where it was incorrectly given by former editors, and he has also annotated it in the most copious fashion and with a great amount of learning. No one, however, could pretend that his notes are attractive in form, and his diction contrasts unfavourably with Beethoven's spirited style. The English translator has compressed the notes, so presumably in their original shape these deficiencies are still more manifest.

Of actual new material there is not much in these volumes, and the new portion is not of very great musical interest. If the letters to the firm of Simrock had been available, that interest would no doubt have been increased. The most instructive of the new letters are those addressed to Breitkopf and Haertel, thirty-eight in number. Many of these have been "printed as manuscript", as the German phrase goes, but they have never been published in the ordinary way. We find the composer complaining of piracy by the "arch-swindler Artaria", an epithet which he soon retracted in full. He expresses his great admiration for Bach, and asks for his Mass (the B minor) "in which there is the following 'Crucifixus' with a basso ostinato very like yourselves". He grumbles about the attacks of critics in the "Musikalische Zeitung". He gives them a curious anticipatory description of the "Eroica" Symphony. He sends them an elaborate list of mistakes in the Violoncello Sonata, Op. 69, and in the Trios, Op. 70. Other letters, which appear to be new, deal with his refusal to set Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" if it contains any attack on the Danish nation, with his struggles to hammer music into the Archduke Rudolph (a description contrasting rather painfully with the somewhat sycophantic admiration which he expresses for the Archduke's compositions in his letters to that luminary), with corrections and metronome marks in the Ninth Symphony (and here we find the famous 116 = minim placed beyond all doubt), and of course with the interminable servant question. It seems doubtful whether his male or his female servants persecuted him more. We knew already that he threw his chair at Nannie's head, but we now find this refreshing addition: "N. has quite changed since I threw half a dozen books at her head. Probably something of it has settled in her brain or bad heart". Her successor was no better. She "made an ugly face when asked to carry up wood, but I hope she will remember that our Saviour dragged His cross to Golgotha".

A perusal of this complete correspondence also throws rather a new light on a matter which has greatly troubled Beethoven's biographers, namely, his relations with the other sex, and in particular the problem of the "Unsterbliche Geliebte". One cannot help thinking, after reading these letters, that it was more or less an accident that the composer's famous triple letter was so carefully treasured in a secret drawer. When one is fortunate enough to possess an "immortal beloved", it is usually her effusions and not one's own that one treasures. Indeed Beethoven seems to have fallen in love and out again with exemplary regularity. In 1798 there was Christine Gerhards, in 1801 Giulietta Guicciardi, in 1803 the anonymous person about whom he quarrelled with Bridgetower, in 1804 Dorothea Ertmann, in 1806 (perhaps) Therese Brunswick, in 1807 Therese Malfatti, in 1808 Marie the wife of one Bigot, in 1810 Bettina Brentano, in 1816 Fanny Giannatasio, in 1817 Marie Leopoldine Pachler-Koschak, wife of Carl Pachler. Except in the case of the ladies of whom he became enamoured when they were already married, he seems to have safely got rid of his affection as soon as the object of it was the wife of another. Is there any real reason for assuming an exception in the case of any particular one of these ten ladies or of any other one who is not enumerated among them? The evidence produced by Dr. Kalischer is certainly quite insufficient for the purpose.

Mr. Shedlock has done his work of translation extremely well on the whole, and that fact renders his occasional lapses the more surprising: "in Bonn" instead of "at Bonn", "the mentioned translations", "deucedly

disposed", "the so necessary general use", "through-composed", "a thorough ripe man", "already in 1819 he was carried off by a malignant fever", "the portrait which represents Beethoven, full figure, sitting", "no one by his melody threw the text into deeper shade", "a waistcoat worked by you with the wool of the hare". These teutonisms are easily comprehensible and can be easily removed, but occasionally sentences seem to have no meaning, either through Beethoven's fault or Mr. Shedlock's: "In your house you are in the Chancery, in the Chancery unwell; the truth lies probably in the middle"; "I beg you, dear friend, as you will probably remember which you wrote to me, when Baron Hartl gave you the commission concerning my concert for the theatre-poor"; "he had placed a capon between the wood where it was choked". This last sentence describes a supposed exploit of Beethoven's wretched nephew, Carl, but we cannot believe that the misdeemeanour is so mysterious in the original.

THEOLOGY.

"Studies in the Resurrection of Christ: an Argument." By C. H. Robinson. London: Longmans. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Around the central fact and supreme miracle of Christianity controversy will always rage. Some critics refuse to recognise in the New Testament accounts anything more than a crude pictorial method of conveying the truth that our Lord's spiritual communion with His disciples did not cease, but revived and grew stronger when once the shock of His death was past. His flesh indeed saw corruption, but His soul was not left in Hades; His followers knew that He was alive for evermore. Others, over-zealous in their orthodoxy, have insisted on such a material resuscitation as explains the empty tomb but not the appearances of the Risen Lord, and renders the Ascension a more inexplicable wonder than the Resurrection. Sober Christian thinkers have generally recognised that neither of these outright views does justice to the events recorded, and most certainly believed in, by all the New Testament writers. That Body which passed through closed doors, and appeared or disappeared at will, must have been one in which spirit so dominated matter that the material part—as we know such things now—may have completely disappeared; and He who inhabited that Body was no mere man, but the Incarnate Son of God. No doubt this view is one which it is not easy for a writer to picture to himself or to express to others clearly; and the quotations from Westcott which Canon Robinson has called to his aid do not simplify matters. Still we believe he is right; and he has produced a useful digest of recent criticism on the Resurrection narratives and of the arguments that can reasonably and reverently be urged for the Church belief.

"The Acts of the Apostles." By A. Harnack. Translated by J. R. Wilkinson. London: Williams and Norgate. (The Crown Theological Library.) 1909. 6s. net.

We have referred before to the studies which Dr. Harnack has been publishing lately on the Synoptic Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. In "Luke the Physician" he presented with convincing power the evidence on behalf of the Lukan authorship of the Acts; in the present volume he carries his investigations further and examines with characteristic thoroughness the internal evidence of the book as to date, sources, and historical value. Whether we agree with him or not, we cannot but admire the clearness and breadth of view with which he treats the puzzling phenomena of the earlier chapters, and the ease with which he divides them into an Antioch source and a Jerusalem-Cæsarea source, the two sometimes giving parallel accounts of the same events. Yet the tendency of his criticism is to become more and more conservative; he can say in conclusion of the Acts that "it is not only, taken as a whole, a genuinely historical work, but even in the majority of its details it is trustworthy"; and it is striking to note what a large substratum of historical truth Dr. Harnack will allow to the accounts of the miracles. As to date of composition, he is inclining to what has always seemed to us the only possible time—the period between St. Paul's release from the imprisonment described in xxviii. 30, 31 and his martyrdom. Yet how many modern theories as to the dates of the Synoptic Gospels will have to be revised, if this be so!

"The Doctrine of the Last Things, Jewish and Christian." By W. O. E. Oesterley. London: Murray. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

It is but lately that we have begun to realise that eschatology is a definite branch of Bible study, which will become

clearer if we study it apart and watch its development not only in the Old and New Testaments, but also in the large amount of extra-canonical apocalyptic literature that grew up between the last of the prophets and the first of the Gospels. Jewish apocalyptic had its roots in Jewish prophecy; in fact, was prophecy, with a difference; the difference being that the prophets realised the truth of God's immanence in the world and His present reign, while the apocalyptic seers almost forgot it; to them, as to the Gnostic speculators, the present age was utterly bad, and it was only in its antithesis, the future age, that Jehovah would really manifest Himself and vanquish evil. And if the apocalyptic writers missed the highest truths of prophetic teaching, they were at the same time viewed with disfavour by the orthodox Pharisee; the business of the true scribe was to study the Law, not excite himself with the vague visions of these later writers. Jewish apocalyptic was the product of the popular mind, not of the inspired prophet or the learned scribe; and yet there is much that we owe to it; and the Christian revelation, though it transcended it always, and reversed its verdicts often, yet has adopted much from it and consecrated it to higher ends. Dr. Oesterley's book gives us a convenient popular account of the subject; it is intended for the layman rather than the advanced student, and so may prove of real use to many a reader who would be frightened at the size of Dr. Charles' learned book on the same subject.

"Ara Coeli: an Essay in Mystical Theology." By A. Chandler. London: Methuen. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

The only thing we feel inclined to quarrel with in this book is the title. "Ara Coeli" suggests an archaeological treatise, and "an essay in mystical theology" is likely to alarm many an earnest Christian who is already a mystic and a theologian, in the Bishop of Bloemfontein's sense, without knowing it. Every writer on mysticism has his own definition of it, and Dr. Chandler's is "the religion of experience"; we should prefer "Religion" simpliciter, and this book is nothing more nor less than a book on personal religion, on the tie which unites man to God. And as such we have rarely met its equal. It is written in the humblest and yet loftiest spirit of Christian piety, both clear and thoughtful—the work of a man whose scholarship and philosophy (and he possesses both) have been consecrated to, and illuminated by, the service of his Saviour. The simplest of us can appreciate at any rate the earlier chapters; the wisest will learn something from all.

"Immortality." By E. E. Holmes. ("The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.") London: Longmans. 1908. 5s.

Canon Holmes' book is more devotional than apologetic. The argumentative portions of it consist mainly of quotations, and the poets have been drawn upon somewhat heavily. It is, in fact, not so much a reasoned treatise on behalf of immortality as a series of addresses, rather emotional, always earnest, and often beautiful; the winning personality of the author shines through them all. But they are better adapted for the sympathetic surroundings of a Retreat or a Quiet Day than for the outer world of criticism or controversy.

"Ecclesia Discens: the Church's Lesson from the Age." By J. H. F. Peile. London: Longmans. 1909. 5s. net.

"Presbyter docens" would have been an apter title for this book, in which Mr. Peile has given us his thoughts on many subjects, religious and social. The epithet we feel inclined to apply to them is "sound"; there is no great brilliancy or originality in what he says, and, we are thankful to add, no parade of eloquence or learning. He is quite conscious of how little we know and how little we can do, but he says what he has to say simply, often neatly; and what he has to say is grave, sober, common-sense. And though on such well-worn subjects as Modernism or the social problem he has little to tell us that is new, he is quite fresh and suggestive in his studies—all too few—on the New Testament. His essay on the sixth chapter of S. John and on "The Earliest Preaching" are excellent pieces of writing, and we hope to hear more from him in the department of Biblical Theology.

"The Vulgate, the Source of False Doctrines." By G. Henslow. London: Williams and Norgate. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

There is a fine comprehensiveness and certainty about this title; it should make the Benedicines tremble, and pause in their work of revision. Professor Henslow has laid his finger on the cause of all the mistakes and misconceptions of Christianity from which men have suffered so widely and so long; it is the Vulgate. Most Latin doctrinal terms were taken from that baleful version, or perversion, of the Bible, and they do not properly represent the Hebrew or Greek originals; then the English versions took over the Latin

(Continued on page 666.)

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48 GRAOECURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE NEWEST IDEAS

IN LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited,
6 PAUL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

Particulars post free.

Good Prospects for Active Agents.

M. GREGORY, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

HOLIDAY SEASON.


ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS,

SICKNESS, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY,
BURGLARY AND FIDELITY GUARANTEE RISKS,
INSURED AGAINST BY THE

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE CO.

Capital (fully subscribed), £1,000,000.
64 CORNHILL, LONDON.

Claims Paid, £5,600,000.
A. VIAN, Secretary.



Norwich Union Mutual Life Office.

Founded 1808. Centenary 1908.

FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN
SUCCESSION THE SOCIETY'S NEW
BUSINESS HAS SHOWN CONTINUAL
INCREASE, AND IN 1907 EXCEEDED £4,500,000.

Write for Prospectus to
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COUNTY FIRE

OFFICE,
LIMITED,
50 REGENT ST., W.,
AND
14 CORNHILL, E.C.,
LONDON.

Fire,
Personal Accident & Disease,
Workmen's Compensation,
Domestic Servants,
Third Party,
Burglary,
Plate Glass,
Fidelity Guarantee

INSURANCES EFFECTED ON THE MOST FAVOURABLE TERMS. THE
BUSINESS OF THIS OFFICE IS CONFINED TO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Full particulars on application to the Head Office, Branches and
Agents of the Company.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
F. G. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY (OF LONDON).

Founded 1830. Funds, £2,875,000.

Bonus increased to 30/- per cent. per
annum on sums assured and existing
Bonuses. Policies which become claims before the next dis-
tribution of Bonus will receive an Interim Bonus at
the full rate now declared.

Write for Prospectus to 39 King Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED)

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS - - £70,000,000.

ALLIANCE

Assurance Company, Limited.

Head Office: Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.

Accumulated Funds exceed £16,500,000.

CHAIRMAN:

Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD, G.C.V.O.

The operations of the Company extend to the following, among other, branches
of Insurance:—

FIRE. LIFE & ANNUITIES. MARINE.

Consequential Loss following Fire.

Workmen's Compensation.

Personal Accident and Disease.

Third Party and Drivers' Risks.

Plate Glass and Halfstorm.

Burglary and Theft.

Fidelity Guarantee.

The Company also grants

Capital Redemption Policies,

and undertakes the duties of

Trustee and Executor.

The Directors invite applications for Loans on and for the purchase
of Reversions and Life Interests.

Prospectuses and Proposal Forms may be had on application to any of the
Company's Offices or Agents.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

terms, and so the religion of Protestants and Catholics alike is poisoned at the roots. Professor Henslow, however, has but a vague idea of what the Vulgate is; he enumerates amongst his editions of it Beza's Latin version of the New Testament, which stands in the same relation to the official Clementine text as the Douay Bible does to the English Authorised Version; and when he sets to work to give his instances of mistranslation he has often to confess that the text of the Vulgate is correct enough, and that it is in the "Index Biblicus" or index of words and subjects attached to the Bible that the errors must be sought. In fact, he has produced a piece of very crude Protestant polemic, full of inaccuracies and mistakes, and only remarkable as furnishing good capital for any Roman controversialist who may take the trouble to notice it.

"The Johannine Writings." By P. W. Schmiedel. Translated by M. A. Canney. London: Black. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

Dr. Schmiedel has a grievance against the fourth Gospel. It is a pretentious imposture which has for centuries tyrannised over the credulous and compelled them to accept a version of Christ's person, teaching, and work, which is false historically and morally. So far as a true picture of Him is obtainable it must be seen in the second Gospel, for the first and third are already altering facts in accordance with theological bias, though they are not such hardened offenders as the fourth. But by a careful examination of the Synoptists, with excision of inconvenient texts, we can see that the real Jesus was quite simply a man who, in the course of his mental development, realised that he had a Father in Heaven; then felt called to be a leader from possessing this knowledge and wishing to impart it; then felt that he was the highest messenger sent by God, His people's Messiah; voilà tout. The fourth Gospel has transformed all this and spoilt it in the changing; it represents Jesus as a supernatural being from the first, with full Divine knowledge and power, but without the human beauty of the Synoptist account; solely concerned with himself, performing miracles for his own glorification and always talking about his own person; the evangelist could not appreciate the true character of Christ, and has completely misunderstood his subject. Thus Dr. Schmiedel; and we feel constrained to add that the critic has woefully misunderstood the Evangelist. He not only fails to appreciate him, but he makes no attempt to do so. He is making out a case; he has amassed with wonderful diligence and ingenuity everything that can be said against the early date, the apostolic authorship, and the authenticity of the fourth Gospel; he has heaped together all the arguments he can find, good and bad; and the bad predominate. Had he been more moderate and sympathetic, his book would have been more effective, for every student will admit that there are heavy objections against St. John having written the fourth Gospel, only the objections against anyone else having written it are heavier. As a specimen of the taste with which Dr. Schmiedel prosecutes his task we will quote one sentence on the discourses in the Gospel (p. 74): "When we consider further how limited a number of ideas are continually repeated in these discourses in a way which is felt to be quite monotonous and tedious even by very many of those who regard the fourth Gospel with a kind of awe, we wonder the more how Jesus could have gone on talking in this way for two years without being left with no one at all to listen to him." Truly a German theologian trying to be humorous is a sight to make angels weep.

For this Week's Books see page 668.



By Appointment to H.M. the King.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.,
Glasgow & London.

EARL'S COURT. THE GOLDEN WEST EXHIBITION

OPEN 11 A.M. TO 11 P.M.
Admission, 1s.; Children, 6d.; Weekly Tickets, 2s. 6d.
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120 Red Indians, Braves, Squaws, and Papooses.
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THE DELUGE. THE SEE-SAW SLIP.
THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE. BALLOONING.
THE AUTO RAIL. THE SUMMER BALL ROOM.
John Coughlin's 12th Regt. N.G.S. New York Band,
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Not to mention 1,001 other Attractions.

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Cure Indigestion

SPEEDILY CURE ACIDITY, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN,
IMPURE BREATH, INDIGESTION, DIARRHOEA, &c.
PREVENT MANY AN ILLNESS. Highly recommended by the Medical
Profession. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Biscuits, 1s., 2s. and 4s.
per tin; Powder, 2s. and 4s. per bottle; Lozenges, 1s. 1d. tin.
SAMPLES FREE to anyone in the United Kingdom sending this Coupon to
J. L. BRAGG, Ltd., 14 Wigmore Street, London, W.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR MARSEILLES, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURRACHEE, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, AND NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, PLEASURE CRUISES AND ROUND THE WORLD TOURS. For Particulars apply at 122 Lendenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., London.

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UNDER CONTRACT TO CARRY HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS.

FROM LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAUD, and COLOMBO.

Managers—F. GREEN & CO.: ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.
Head Office—FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON.

For Passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 28 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

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ROYAL MAIL SERVICE.—To SOUTH and EAST AFRICA.—Via Madeira, Canaries, Ascension, St. Helena, and Lobito Bay.

Steamers	Service	London	Southampton
* KENILWORTH CASTLE..	Royal Mail	—	May 22
* DOVER CASTLE	Intermediate	May 21	May 22
* CARISBROOK CASTLE ..	Royal Mail	—	May 29
* GALEKA	Intermediate	May 28	May 29

* Via Madeira. † Via Tenerife. ‡ Via Las Palmas, Ascension, and St. Helena.
Special Trains from Waterloo to Southampton every Saturday.

Donald Currie and Co., Managers, 3 and 4 Fenchurch Street, E.C. West End Agencies—Sleeping Car Co., 20 Cockspur Street, S.W., and Thos. Cook and Son, 13 Cockspur Street, S.W.

COCKROACHES cleared with BLATTIS. Supplied by order to his Majesty the King at Sandringham. Guaranteed by E. Howarth, F.Z.S., who destroyed a plague of them at Sheffield Workhouse, 1896. Recommended by Dr. H. Woodward, F.R.S., and Canon Kinton Jacques, R.D. Tins, 1/3, 2/3, 4/6.—HOWARTH & FAIR, 471 Crokesmoor, Sheffield.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.
In making, use less quantity, it being much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.
The List will open on Saturday, May 22, 1909, and close on or before Wednesday, May 26, 1909.

BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act 1908.)

ISSUED SHARE CAPITAL.

Guaranteed Stock	£1,350,000
4½ per cent. Guaranteed Stock	1,250,000
100,000 Guaranteed Shares of £10 each	1,000,000
100,000 Guaranteed Shares of £10 each, present issue	1,000,000
	£4,600,000
4 per cent. First Debenture Stock issued	£2,450,000

ISSUE OF 100,000 GUARANTEED SHARES OF £10 EACH AT PAR.

Ranking as to Capital *pari passu* with the issued Guaranteed Stock and Shares above-mentioned and carrying dividends guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, payable half-yearly, on 1st April and 1st October, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum, till the 31st March, 1916, and thereafter at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum.

Payable as follows:—

£10 10s. 0d. on Application.
£2 0s. 0d. on Allotment.
£2 10s. 0d. on 30th June, 1909.
£2 10s. 0d. on 31st July, 1909.
£2 10s. 0d. on 31st August, 1909.

£10 0s. 0d. per Share.

Payment in full may be made either on Allotment, on the 30th June, or on the 31st July next. Upon the amounts so paid in advance interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum will be paid on 1st October, 1909. The first dividend, calculated from the due dates of instalments, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, will be paid on the 1st October, 1909.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, and MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, as Bankers of the Company, are authorised to receive applications for 100,000 Guaranteed Shares of £10 each of the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Company, Limited.

The present issue of 100,000 Guaranteed Shares ranks as to Capital *pari passu* with the issued Guaranteed Stock and Shares above-mentioned and carries dividends guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, at the rate of Five per cent. per annum, until the 31st March, 1916, after which date the shares will be converted into 4½ per cent. Guaranteed Stock.

The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, works this Company's Railway and is entitled to the gross receipts of the undertaking in consideration of a guarantee of (1) this Company's present and future Debenture Stock, (2) a dividend of 4½ per cent. per annum on the Four-and-a-half per cent. Guaranteed Stock, (3) a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum till the 31st March, 1916, and thereafter at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum on 100,000 Guaranteed Shares of £10 each, (4) the dividend on the Shares now offered for subscription and allotted, and (5) the following dividend on the Guaranteed Stock, viz.: 3 per cent. per annum for five years from 1st July, 1904; 3½ per cent. per annum for the next four years; 4 per cent. per annum for the next four years; 4½ per cent. per annum thereafter. The margin of the income of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, at the 30th June last, after payment of the interest on its Debenture Stocks and including amounts payable under the Agreements for working this Company's Railway, the Argentine Great Western Company, the Argentine Transandine Company, and that of the Villa Maria and Buñio Company was £747,432. All the Debenture Stocks and Share Capital of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, are quoted at a premium: the Reserve Funds at the 30th June, 1908, standing at £840,674 6s. 11d.

The present mileage of this Company's railway open to traffic is 465 miles.

Since this Company's line has been worked by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, considerable additions have been made to the original railway, and a new trunk line has been built from Nueva Roma, a station on the original line, to Huinca Renanco, a station on the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, with various short spur branches. A great agricultural development has taken place throughout the region, to favour which the Company obtained concessions for the construction of further branch lines.

In the Town of Bahia Blanca additional traffic facilities have been provided, and at the Port extensive works have been undertaken to cope with the increase of business, where provision has been made to facilitate dealing with the shipment of grain in bulk. A large Power House is in course of erection for the supply of Electricity for town lighting and Electric Trams, and for supplying additional power for the works at the Port.

The gross receipts of the whole system worked by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway for the past four years compare as follows:—

Year ending 30th June, 1905	£1,913,760
Year ending 30th June, 1906	2,392,945
Year ending 30th June, 1907	3,063,547
Year ending 30th June, 1908	3,650,772

and the receipts of the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway included in the above figures are as under:—

Year ending 30th June, 1905	£124,874
Year ending 30th June, 1906	166,400
Year ending 30th June, 1907	269,789
Year ending 30th June, 1908	494,360

Since the 30th June last the estimated gross receipts of the whole Pacific system for the 46 weeks ended 15th instant are £3,636,087, against £3,160,455, an increase of £475,632; the figures relating to the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway being £565,599, as against £412,573, or an increase of £153,026.

The General Manager reports by cable, under date of the 15th instant, as follows:—

"We can count upon an increased area under wheat, sufficient rain having fallen for ploughing. About 55,000 tons last crops still in Stations on Bahia Blanca system awaiting favourable market conditions for export. Cattle traffic very brisk and general prospects good."

The proceeds of the present Issue will be appropriated towards repayment of the capital advances by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, and will be applied by that Company towards the cost and equipment of branch lines and the purchase of Locomotives and Rolling Stock, and to the general requirements of the Railway.

A preference in the allotment as regards 50 per cent. of this Issue will be given to applications received before the actual closing of the list from existing Guaranteed Stock and Shareholders of this Company, and to Preference Stockholders and Ordinary Stock and Shareholders of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited.

Applications on the form accompanying this Prospectus, together with the deposit of 10s. per share, should be forwarded to the London

Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or to Martin's Bank, Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction. Should a smaller amount be allotted than applied for, the surplus paid on application will be appropriated towards the balance due on allotment. Non-payment of any instalment upon the due date will render the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture.

Application will in due course be made to obtain a Stock Exchange quotation for this Issue.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, E.C., of the Bankers, and of Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price and Pott, 57 Old Broad Street, E.C., the Brokers of the Company.

In the month of November 1908, 100,000 guaranteed shares of £10 each were offered for subscription, allotted, and are fully paid.

Apart from the contracts made by the Company in the ordinary course of business, the following have been entered into within the two years immediately preceding the date hereof:—

A Contract entered into on the 12th November, 1907, with Edward Shaw, transferring to this Company a concession for a line from Bahia Blanca due south to Carmen de Patagones with branches.

A Contract dated 5th February, 1908, and made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price and Pott, for underwriting an issue of £1,000,000 4 per cent. First Debenture Stock for a Commission of £32,702 10s., which commission was subsequently paid.

A Contract entered into on the 24th July, 1908, with the Argentine Government for the construction of a line from Villa Olga Station in a westerly direction up to the 5th meridian.

A contract entered into on the 25th September, 1908, with the Argentine Government for the construction of lines from the Villa Iris branch to a point on the Macachin branch, and from the Remeco branch to a point near Peru, on the line from Bahia Blanca to Toay.

A Contract entered into on the 26th September, 1908, with the Argentine Government for the supply of Electricity, for public and private lighting to the City of Bahia Blanca.

A Contract dated 17th November, 1908, and made between the Company and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited.

A Contract dated 25th November, 1908, and made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price and Pott, for underwriting an issue of 100,000 Guaranteed Shares for a commission of £30,000, which commission was subsequently paid.

A Contract dated 20th May, 1909, and made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price and Pott, for underwriting the present issue at the rate of 3 per cent. on the amount of such issue.

The above Contracts may be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors on any day while the List remains open, between the hours of 10 and 4.

A Brokerage at the rate of a quarter per cent. will be paid by the Company on allotments made to the public in respect of applications bearing a Broker's stamp.

Registered Offices:—

DASHWOOD HOUSE,
9 NEW BROAD STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

21st May, 1909.

DIRECTORS.

THE RT. HON. LORD ST. DAVIDS (Chairman).

PAGET P. MOSLEY.
EDWARD NORMAN.
F. O. SMITHERS.
M. VAN RAALTE.

BANKERS.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C.
MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

BANKERS IN ARGENTINA.

THE ANGLO SOUTH AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

SOLICITORS.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP AND CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

SHEPPARDS, PELLY, PRICE AND POTT, 57 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

TURQUAND, YOUNGS AND CO., 41 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY.

W. R. CRONAN.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

ISSUE OF

100,000 GUARANTEED SHARES OF £10 EACH.

To the DIRECTORS of the
BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY,
LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... as a deposit of 10 shillings per Share on application for..... Guaranteed Shares of £10 each of the BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, I request that these Shares may be allotted to me, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms of the Prospectus dated 21st May, 1909.

Ordinary Signature

Name (in full)

Address

Date....., 1909.

* Please state if "Reverend" or other distinctive description, and in the case of a lady, whether "married" or "spinster."

This Form is to be filled up and forwarded to the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or Martin's Bank, Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

Readers of "The Saturday Review"
will like

FRY'S MAGAZINE.

The contents for JUNE include:

My Reminiscences.

By "DANNY" MAHER.

Sport in the Rockies.

By Sir HENRY SETON-KARR.

The Mayfly Trout.

By "EAST SUSSEX."

A Sporting Parson.

By C. H. BURLTON.

Racehorse and Trainer at Home

(Mr. Alec Taylor at Manton.) By A. SIDNEY GALTREY.

Vermin and Game Preserving.

By FRANK BONNETT.

Taking a Sunfish.

By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE Secret of the Golf Swing.

(No. 6.)

By Dr. CARRUTHERS and GEO. W. BELDAM.

The Great Dane.

By GEO. L. CHESTERTON.

Rubs on the Green.

By BERNARD DARWIN.

AND MANY OTHER SPORTING ARTICLES.

Among the Fiction are:

A Bond of Union

(A Tennis Story.) By H. G. H. and G. A. R.

Mr. Longman's Hounds.

(No. 6.)

(The Point to Point Steeplechases.) By GEO. E. COLLINS.

A Game of Croquet.

By H. J. WILLIAMS.

A Bargain in Castles.

By C. E. HUGHES.

&c. &c.

NOW ON SALE.

SIXPENCE NET.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART

Handbook of Greek Architecture (Allan Marquand). Macmillan. 10s. net.
Chroniques et Conquestes de Charlemaigne (J. Van den Gheyn). Luzac. 17s.

BIOGRAPHY

Some Memoirs of My Spare Time (The Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury). Edinburgh: Blackwood. 5s. net.
Memoir of Colonel the Right Hon. William Kenyon-Slaney M.P. (Edited by Walter Drummond), 3s. 6d. net; Notes from a Painter's Life (C. E. Halle), 6s. net. Murray.
Life of Friedrich List (Margaret E. Hirst). Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Heartbreak Hill (Herman K. Veile). Stanley Paul. 6s.
Sir Guy and Lady Rannard (H. N. Dickinson). Heinemann. 6s.
The Romance of a Plain Man (Ellen Glasgow); Scenes and Portraits (Frederic Manning). Murray. 6s.
A Nice Pair and Others (Henry J. Barker). Harper. 6s.
"Where Every Prospect Pleases" (Edmund Francis Sellars). Edinburgh: Blackwood. 6s.
'Neath Austral Skies (Louis Becke). Milne. 6s.
The Perjurer (W. E. Norris). Constable. 6s.
Attainment (Mrs. Havelock Ellis). Rivers. 6s.
Henry in Search of a Wife (Alphonse Courlander). Fisher Unwin. 6s.

HISTORY

Early History of the Christian Church (Monsignor Louis Duchesne). Murray. 9s. net.
The Stone Ages (Rev. Frederick Smith). Blackie. 16s. net.
Balkania (William Havard-Flanders). Stock. 2s. 6d. net.
An English Church History for Children, A.D. 1066-1500 (Mary E. Shipley). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.
The Awakening of Turkey (E. F. Knight). Milne. 10s. 6d. net.
The Inns of Court (Cecil Headlam). Black. 7s. 6d. net.

LAW

An Elementary Digest of the Law of Property in Land (A. E. Randall). Stevens and Sons, Ltd. 20s.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Jew and Human Sacrifice (Hermann L. Strack). Cope and Fenwick. 10s. net.
Cavalry in Future Wars (Charles Sydney Goldman). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.
The Decameron (Edward Hutton. Vols. III. and IV.). Nutt. 46s. for 4 vols.
The English Woman (David Staars). Smith, Elder. 9s. net.

SCIENCE

The Recent Development of Physical Science (W. C. D. Whetnam). Murray. 5s. net.
Studies in European Philosophy (James Lindsay). Edinburgh: Blackwood. 10s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

A Grammar of the Old Testament in Greek (Henry St. John Thackeray). Cambridge: At the University Press. 8s. net.
Resurrectio Christi. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.
The High and Deep Searching Out of the Three-fold Life of Man (Jacob Boehme). Watkins. 12s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL

Rambles in Sussex (F. G. Brabant). Methuen. 6s. net.

VERSE

The Poems and Sonnets of Louise Chandler Moulton. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.
Galenstock and Other Poems (William Moore). Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Education of the Will, The (T. Sharper Knowlson). Laurie. 6s. net.
England and the English from an American Point of View (Price Collier). Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.
English Vegetable Garden, The (Expert). Country Life. 8s. 6d. net.
Essays in Freedom (Henry W. Nevins). Duckworth. 6s. net.
Is Death the End? Griffiths. 3s. net.
Junius Unveiled (James Smith). Dent. 2s. 6d. net.
Makers of our Clothes (Mrs. Carl Meyer and Clementina Black). Duckworth. 5s. net.
Mystery of Existence, The (Charles Wicksteed Armstrong). Longmans, Green. 2s. 6d. net.
New Nation, The (H. E. Fremantle). Ouseley. 5s. net.
No Refuge but in Truth (Goldwin Smith). Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.
Random Recollections of a Commercial Traveller, The. Sherratt and Hughes. 3s. 6d. net.
Sketch of Historical Geography, A (Keith Johnston). Stanford. 3s. 6d. net.
Valid Christianity for To-day, A (Charles D. Williams). Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.
Which Is: The Unknown God. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR MAY.—The North American Review, 1s.; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3f.
For June:—Fry's Magazine. 6d.

**MORE FASCINATING THAN ANY
NOVEL IS**

ROYAL LOVERS & MISTRESSES

The Romance of Crowned and Uncrowned
Kings and Queens of Europe.

By Dr. A. S. RAPPOPORT,

Author of "The Curse of the Romanoffs," etc. Illustrated,
demy 8vo. cloth, 16s. net.

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Six Successful Stories

Six Shillings each.

The Success of the Season.

THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

By BARONESS ORCZY,

Author of "The Scarlet
Pimpernel."

Illustrated by H. M. BROCK.
Third Edition now ready.

The story of William
Devereux's successful play, now
being performed at the New
Theatre by Miss Julia Neilson
and Mr. Fred Terry.

HENRY OF NAVARRE

By MAY WYNNE.

Illustrated by H. M. BROCK.
Sixth Edition.

A charming idyll.

ONLY APRIL

By GURNER GILLMAN,
Author of "The Loafer," &c.

A pleasing historical romance
by a new writer.

BEAUTY RETIRE

By DORA MELLOR.

A thrilling story of an earth-
quake—and after.

A SON OF DESOLATION

By M. Y. HALIDOM,
Author of "Zoe's Revenge," &c.

A brilliant story of to-day.

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Totals	£193 0 0	£96 10 0	£48 5 0
Annual Income per Bond ...	£10 5 9	£5 2 10	£2 11 5

Net Yield at the price of Sale, £5 6s. 7d. per cent.

The following Extracts from a letter written by Mr. Myron W. Mills, the President of the Company, give particulars of the Company's position:—

JACKSON, MICHIGAN, 3rd March, 1909.

Gentlemen,—The growth of the Cities and Districts which we serve, and the consequent increase of our Traffic Receipts from \$637,815 in 1905 to over \$1,000,000 during the last twelve months, forces my Company to make a number of permanent improvements and extensions.

It has been the policy of my Company since its incorporation to pay for improvements out of profits, and very large sums have been expended by us in this way. The now proposed extensions will require so large an immediate cash outlay that it will not be possible to make them without raising further capital. As it is estimated that the contemplated new work will produce an additional net revenue of over 10 per cent. upon its capital outlay, the Company has decided to issue \$1,000,000 of its Five per Cent. First and Refunding 30-Year Gold Bonds, and meet the expenditure out of the proceeds of their sale.

These new Bonds rank in every respect with those which are now quoted in the London Stock Exchange Official List, and it has been arranged to apply for a quotation for them in due course.

The following particulars show that my Company has been a financial success since its inauguration; that its present earnings cover the interest on the entire issue of Michigan United Bonds (including the present issue) more than twice; and that our financial position and future prospects fully warrant the proposed increase in our Bonded indebtedness.

We serve a population of nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants, traverse the principal streets of nine towns, own the complete City Systems in Lansing, Jackson, Battle Creek, and Kalamazoo (in which cities we have no competition), and our working area consists of one of the richest and most progressive districts in the United States of America.

We own 225 miles of railway line, two-thirds of which runs upon land which is our own freehold, and it is in this respect that my Company differs from most of the Electric Street Car Companies worked in Great Britain under an ordinary franchise. Our bonded indebtedness is under £6,000 per mile of line, and is the smallest bonded indebtedness of any United States Electric Railway Company of a similar size and character.

Our Earnings and Expenses (the mileage, with the exception of about 10 miles of spurs which have been gradually added, remaining the same throughout the period) have during the last four completed financial years, ending April 30th of each year, been as follows:—

	1905.	1906.
Gross earnings ...	\$637,815.50	782,346.28
Less operating expenses ...	\$380,809.51	441,471.30
Net earnings ...	\$257,005.99	340,874.98
Gross earnings ...	\$877,015.55	944,061.22
Less operating expenses ...	\$476,851.19	529,277.30
Net earnings ...	\$400,164.36	414,783.92

For the six months ending November 1st, 1908, our gross earnings have been \$577,488; the operating expenses were \$284,382, resulting in net earnings of \$293,256 for the completed half-year. During the last four months our takings show an increase of over 15 per cent. over the corresponding period of last year.

The operating expenses include the maintenance of the line, of the terminals, and of the rolling stock, all of which are kept up in a high state of efficiency. Since the incorporation of the present Company we have—after paying our fixed charges, the interest on our Bonded indebtedness and dividends of 6 per cent. on our Preferred Stock—been able to carry forward considerable surpluses each year, and, as the balance-sheet shows, the present surplus is \$284,486.

Yours faithfully,

MYRON W. MILLS, President.

An English Engineer, who has full access to the Company's books, is residing at Jackson, U.S.A., and supervising the Extension works in the interest of the British Bondholders. He issues periodical reports as to the Company's progress, and his presence affords an additional protection to the British holders of Michigan United Railways Bonds.

Prospectuses may be obtained from Messrs. Tomkinson, Brunton and Co., 2 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.; Messrs. E. and R. M. Baker, Stock Exchange, Bristol; Messrs. Filling and Co., Stock Exchange, Manchester; and Messrs. Redmayne and Co., of Stock Exchange, Leeds, and 5 Prospect Crescent, Harrogate.

CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LTD.

REPORT of the proceedings of the Special General Meeting of Shareholders in the Crown Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited, held in the Board Room, The Corner House, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, April 14, 1909, Mr. S. Evans in the Chair.

The total number of shares present and represented amounted to 81,087 shares.

After declaring the meeting duly constituted, the notice convening the meeting being taken as read, the Chairman said that all must be thoroughly familiar by now with the details of the arrangement under which it was proposed that the assets of this Company be taken over by the Crown Mines, Limited. He therefore confined himself to a very short statement of the essential features of the scheme.

(1) The Crown Mines will have a Capital of £1,000,000 divided into 2,000,000 shares of a nominal value of 10s., out of which 1,863,012 will be issued; it will possess nearly 2,000 unexhausted reef-bearing claims: it will have in sight 4,500,000 tons of ore reserves of an average assay value of 7.94 dwts., and it will be in a position from the outset to pay to its Shareholders a dividend at the rate of 130 per cent. per annum, with good prospects of an increased distribution in the near future.

(2) The Crown Reef Shareholders will receive four 10s. shares in the Crown Mines for every 21 Crown Reef shares. Further, they will be paid a dividend of 45 per cent. for the three months ending June 30 next, and for the six months ending December 31 next they will be paid the first dividend as Crown Mines Shareholders; so that there will be no interruption in the distribution of dividends, a circumstance which could hardly have been avoided if we had undertaken to work our deep-level claims independently.

(3) The Crown Mines, Limited, will have such a long life that the provision which the present generation of Shareholders will have to make for the redemption of their capital will be insignificant.

Taking everything into account, he considered that the Shareholders were making an excellent bargain. "As this will in all probability be our last meeting as Crown Reef Shareholders, I propose to refer in a few words to what we have accomplished. The Crown Reef started as a private Company in the first half of 1887, and was registered as a public Company in April 1888. The first output recorded is that of 561 ounces in August 1887, and the first dividend was paid in June 1888, and, excepting for the war period, the Company has had regular outputs and paid regular dividends ever since. When the June dividend is distributed our Shareholders will have received £2,867,900 as dividends on an issued capital of £120,000. It will, I am sure, be readily admitted that the record is one to be proud of. Before concluding, he placed on record the Board's high appreciation of the services rendered for several years by the manager, Mr. H. B. Price, and his assistants, and announced that he had received a proxy from the holder of 500 shares, M. Paul Labrousche, of Bayonne, France, who wrote on the proxy form that he agreed to the amalgamation if the Crown Mines, Limited, was not quoted on the Paris Bourse, and that if it was to be quoted he wished his vote recorded against the scheme. As the Crown Reef is already quoted on the Paris Bourse, and they could not accept such a condition, as the matter is one for settlement by the Crown Mines Limited, the proposed amalgamation.

The Chairman then proposed—
I. That the Provisional Agreement, dated January 6, 1909, made by and between this Company and others as Vendors and the Crown Reef, Limited, as Purchaser, for the acquisition by the Crown Reef, Limited, of (inter alia) the undertaking, property, and assets and the assumption of the liabilities of this Company as at June 30, 1909, for and in consideration of 160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand) new shares in the Purchaser Company of the nominal value of 10s. (ten shillings) each to be created and issued to this Company as fully paid up [the Chairman here set out in detail the principal provisions of the Agreement], shall be, and the same hereby is, ratified, confirmed, and adopted.

Mr. R. O. G. Lys seconded, which, on being put to the meeting, was decided carried, M. Paul Labrousche's holding of 500 votes being recorded against.

The Chairman further proposed:—
II. That in order to carry into effect the said Agreement, and the foregoing resolution, the Directors be, and they hereby are, authorised and empowered to pass or cause to be passed formal transfer of all the assets of this Company to the Purchaser Company under its existing name of Crown Reef, Limited, or its new name of Crown Mines, Limited, in consideration of the said 160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand) fully paid up new shares in that Company either under its existing or its new name; to execute the Supplementary Articles of Association of that Company in respect of the said 160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand) new shares; to call in all existing share certificates and share warrants to bearer of this Company; and generally to carry out the said Agreement and to maintain a further dividend or dividends to Shareholders in this Company, in terms of the Agreement, until such time as this Company shall go into liquidation, as in the next resolution set forth.

III. That the Company be placed in voluntary liquidation as at the 30th day of June, 1909, and not before, and that Samuel Evans, Henry Crawford Boyd, Henry Strakosch, Francis Drummond Percy Chaplin, William Henry Davis, Henry Benson Rogers, Robert Oliver Godfrey Lys, the Directors of the Company, shall as on and after that date be and become the Liquidators, and that their remuneration shall be the sum of £875 (eight hundred and seventy-five pounds) sterling, to be apportioned and divided between them as they may decide; that any two of the Liquidators for the time being present in Johannesburg shall be a quorum entitled to act, and perform any act, matter, or thing, and execute any deed or document without the authority or concurrence of their co-Liquidators; and to do any of the acts and exercise any of the powers in regard to passing transfer of the assets, executing the Supplementary Articles of Association of the Crown Reef, Limited, for the said 160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand) new shares coming to this Company as conferred by the previous Resolution on the Directors, in so far as the said acts and powers shall not have been done or exercised by the Directors; to receive and distribute the said 160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand) shares in specie to Shareholders in this Company, pro rata to their holdings as at the close of business on June 30, 1909; and to sign and execute all documents necessary to effect transfer of such shares to the Shareholders entitled thereto, and to delegate such of these powers as Liquidators as they may think fit to any agents in Johannesburg or in London; and to sell and dispose of any Crown Mines, Limited, shares representing fractional holdings which may arise in the distribution to the Rand Mines, Limited, at one-half the making-up price of Crown Reef, Limited's shares of the nominal value of £1 (one pound) sterling each at the last settlement on the London Stock Exchange in June 1909, less 14s. (fourteen shillings) per Crown Reef, Limited, £1 (one pound) share, for the dividend to be declared by that Company for the half-year ending June 30, 1909, and to distribute the net proceeds thereof to the parties entitled thereto; to register any transfer of shares in this Company which it may be desirable to register after the closing of the share registers; and generally to do every act, matter, or thing necessary or desirable to carry into effect and to complete the said Agreement and the said liquidation.

IV. That unless the Agreement is confirmed by effective resolutions of Shareholders in the Langlaagte Reef, Limited, South Rand Gold Mining Company, Limited, as Vendors, and the Crown Reef, Limited, as Purchaser, it will not be binding in regard to any other Vendors, but if so confirmed, it will be binding on this Company and on the aforementioned two Companies and on the Purchaser and such other Vendors whose Shareholders may so confirm it, as also on the Rand Mines, Limited, the Consolidated Mines Selection Company, Limited, and the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, in which Companies no meetings of Shareholders will be held, with this proviso, that unless the Langlaagte Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited's, property is acquired the properties mentioned under letters (m) and (n) in sub-section (i) of the first resolution will not be acquired by the Purchaser hereunder.

Mr. W. Adye seconded the resolutions, which were declared carried, Mr. Paul Labrousche's vote being again recorded against.

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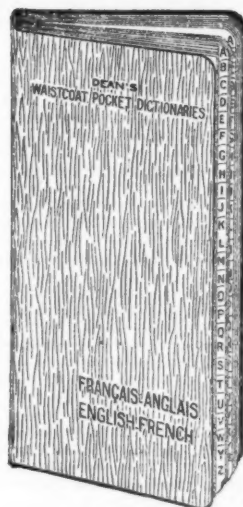
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SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 22 MAY, 1909.

THE COMING OF CANADA.

"A History of Canada, 1763-1812." By Sir C. P. Lucas. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

"The Making of Canada." By A. G. Bradley. London: Constable. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

IN book-making there must surely be the psychological moment: it so frequently happens that two or more works on one subject appear simultaneously. There was no particular reason why Mr. Bradley and Sir C. P. Lucas should sit down at the same moment to prepare a history of Canada covering almost precisely the same series of events. Perhaps both have only recently realised that this period of Canadian history has been scantily treated by the historian. Mr. Bradley points out that the story he sets himself to tell "as a connected narrative has found no chronicler between the extremes of many-volumed works of reference and the brief chapter or two that is its portion in a general history". At the moment that he was writing that sentence Sir C. P. Lucas was engaged on the neglected task. For the student of Canadian development under the British flag no coincidence could be more fortunate. Mr. Bradley long since established a claim to be considered in the first rank of the historians of British North America, whilst Sir C. P. Lucas has enjoyed advantages in his official capacity which, even though he wrote less well than he does, would make his colonial histories valuable. In style the two volumes are unlike. Occasionally Sir C. P. Lucas packs his pages so full of facts that they leave little more impression on the mind than the reading of a dictionary of dates or a summary of geography. As a book-maker this is at once his strength and his weakness, for obvious reasons. Mr. Bradley, on the other hand, with plenty of facts at command, carries one forward on a rush of words sometimes to the point of redundancy. Few perhaps have studied the archives on both sides of the Atlantic to better purpose, and possibly not even Sir C. P. Lucas has handled more musty documents, but Mr. Bradley ignores authorities whilst Sir C. P. Lucas is careful to indicate whence he gets his information. We should be quite content to forego an occasional reference by the one if we might be permitted to know the source of the other's statements. Readers who dislike footnotes will at least not find fault with Mr. Bradley on that score.

From the British point of view the years 1763-1812 were the most critical in American history. The beginning saw Canada finally handed over to England by France as the result of the Seven Years War; the end saw Canada confirmed in its British citizenship as the result of the war of 1812. In the intervening half-century Great Britain lost the thirteen colonies who were of her own blood, and bound fast to herself, mainly as the reward of her attitude towards the priesthood of the old régime, the settlers of alien race. Paradox is written large over the period. The Americans, until Wolfe and Amherst and the British Navy had destroyed the French menace, lived in constant dread that at best they would be hemmed in between the Alleghenies and the sea. When the mother-country had drained her resources to relieve her colonies of the nightmare of French ambition, they turned on her because she proposed that they should make some contribution towards the cost of relief. Before the revolutionary war these sons of freedom described the Church of the Canadians as responsible for "hypocrisy, murder, blood and revolt in all parts of the world", and were extremely angry with England for her tolerance of Roman Catholic rights. Directly the revolt had been decided on, they appealed to the Canadians to join them in the name of freedom and fraternity; they thought they had only to strike to secure the adhesion of the men they had denounced, as later they turned to France, so long the arch-enemy, for help against the

mother-country. That is an even more than usually black page in the American record. Thanks to Murray and Carleton, Canada was staunch to her new masters, and if there had been naval and military competence on the British side equal to Canadian loyalty and devotion, the fate of Arnold and Montgomery at Quebec would have been the fate of the revolting colonists at Saratoga and Yorktown. The outstanding features of both Mr. Bradley's and Sir C. P. Lucas' books are Murray and the measures by which he withstood the pretensions of the Americans in regard to French Canada; the coming of the loyalists, so insanely hated by the successful rebels; Carleton, to whose character and great work both historians pay high tributes, and the events which led up to the war of 1812, when the Americans once again tried vainly to break England at a moment of deadly struggle with France.

The true American character appeared not only in the changes of tone and attitude towards the French but in the treatment of the Empire loyalists. Great Britain made mistakes enough and to spare in her dealings with the American colonies, but none so bad from every point of view as the Americans made when they drove into the wilderness the men whose sole offence was loyalty to Great Britain. The mother-country stood by her faithful ones to the best of her ability in that tragic and pathetic time. "Famous poets", says Mr. Bradley, "have sung in melodious but inaccurate numbers the expulsion of the Acadians and the burning out of the Wyoming settlers, but these were mere trifles in scale compared with the fate of the infinitely greater number of American Tories and the greater sensibility of so large a fraction of them." The cruelties inflicted on them were worthy of the Red Indian rather than of civilised men; happily in the time to follow the Americans paid dearly for their utter inhumanity. "Their policy", says Sir C. P. Lucas, "bore its inevitable fruit, and the most determined opponents of the United States in after years were the men and the children of the men who were driven out and took refuge in Canada." The Empire loyalist, curiously enough, despite his determination to remain a citizen of the Empire, was often the most thoroughgoing of democrats, and, as Mr. Bradley points out, is a unique figure in history. "So far as I know, you may look in vain elsewhere for a truculently anti-republican democrat." What he was his children and his grandchildren were also, so that to-day in Canada one may meet men who seem to be types of the true American, but are in reality "a wholly unfamiliar type of rural Briton", at once "the very incarnation of latter-day democracy in demeanour and person, but otherwise a militant monarchist of a departed type". There you have the descendant of the men whose proudest distinction was to write "U.E." after their names. Mr. Bradley knows his Canada thoroughly, and it is by such intimate touches that he relieves this story of the half-century during which the foundations of a new dominion were well and truly laid.

A BRACE OF SEA WORTHIES.

"Two Admirals." By Admiral John Moresby. London: Murray. 1909. 14s.

BORN in 1787, Fairfax Moresby got his first experience of sea life on board the "London", a 90-gun ship which three years before had played a prominent part in the mutinous outbreak at Spithead. Under Billy Parker, the juvenile captain of the "Amazon" frigate, he mastered the mystery of his trade, and on promotion to lieutenant found himself in the "Hibernia", flagship of old "Sour Crout", Billy's near relative. Moved to the "Kent", 74, stationed up the Straits, a successful cutting-out expedition brought him the rank of commander; and distinguishing himself as a soldier whilst captain of the "Wizard" gunboat, he gained another step; but peace, with a spell of half-pay, followed, and it was not until 1819 that he was given command of the frigate "Menai", on guard at S. Helena. Relieved from her irksome watch, the "Menai" sailed south, and to Moresby was entrusted the task of settling the first

emigrants at Port Elizabeth, his next duty being the suppression of the slave traffic on the east coast of Africa. The year Victoria came to the throne saw him in the Mediterranean again, captain of the "Pembroke", 74, justifying Palmerston's belief in the value of a naval training for diplomatic work; and the last ship he commanded before attaining flag rank was the "Canopus" in the Channel, the French-built "Le Franklin", which had borne the flag of Blauvuet du Chelard at the Nile. In the early 'fifties Admiral Fairfax Moresby served as commander-in-chief of the Pacific, and the recollections of a long life so full of incident would have made good reading, had the veteran who died an admiral of the fleet in 1878 taken the trouble to write them down.

It is fortunate the second Admiral Moresby has been a better penman, for the reminiscences of his own sea career extend over a period of change unparalleled in naval history. His account of a first trip round the Horn in the "Xenophon" and tale of hardship endured on the Pacific voyage through water running short recalls the painful voyaging of the old sailing navy, and his description of the Channel Fleet in 1846 and anecdotes concerning ships, men, manners, and sea customs of pre-Crimean days act like thumbnail-sketches to portray a vanished phase of seafaring life. But the world ashore has also changed much during the last sixty years, and passages in the narrative which show a Vancouver with redskins in full panoply of war paint and feathers, and a feudal Japan unvulgarised by contact with the white man might almost be extracts from our old friend Hakluyt.

Whilst Moresby was gunnery lieutenant of the "Thetis" in 1852 that ship was ordered to Esquimalt, and so little explored was the region that there was some difficulty in finding the harbour. On landing, the silence and loneliness of a spot now covered with dockyard workshops held him spellbound. "Trees, trees everywhere, many of them 200 feet high, laced with undergrowth, hung with lichens." Who in those days, looking on Fort Victoria, a small wood building with palisade, could have guessed it to be the germ of a city numbering 36,000 inhabitants? How long ago it all seems! Yet the braves against whom Moresby led his men in 1853 do not strike one as more unreal than the troops he saw paraded at Yokohama so late as 1864, "mounted warriors in black burnished chain armour, furnished with tabards, crested headdresses, and two-handed swords—all complete", as a Yokohama tailor would nowadays word it. Alas for art! old Japan is dead, and on looking round to find compensation elsewhere, we remember with a sigh Captain John Moresby dealt the death-blow to romance in 1874. Few men living have done more than he to tear the veil from the unknown, and the same name which stands out boldly on the map of British Columbia reappears in the Southern Hemisphere to distinguish an island, a strait, and the capital town of that vast territory in New Guinea over which waves the British flag.

A record of fighting stands to the credit of Admiral Moresby sufficient in itself to guarantee him the gratitude of his country; but he has earned the thanks of the nation on higher grounds than mere war service, for it is due to his foresight, initiative, and readiness to take responsibility on his own shoulders that the last extensive unknown coastline in the habitable world has been explored and charted. The discoveries of the "Basilisk" have gone unrecognised and unrewarded, but the empire will some day acknowledge her debt to the man who realised the strategic importance of Eastern New Guinea and secured through his enterprise the future safety of Australia. Confident in the proud consciousness of duty done, Admiral Moresby can leave it to the daughter nations to do him justice.

"It was the Drakes and Hawkins, Gilberts and Raleighs, Grenvilles and Oxenham, and a host more of 'forgotten worthies' whom we shall learn one day to honour as they deserve, to whom England owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence." So wrote Charles Kingsley in "Westward Ho!"

A STUDY IN DISSENT.

"The Declaration of Indulgence, 1672." By F. Bate. London: Constable. 1908. 6s.

THE degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Letters, a novelty in Oxford, are not of unmixed advantage. In some cases undisciplined minds which would benefit by the strict training necessary for a good class in the schools are tempted to prefer this less regular path to a degree, which is open not only to Oxford graduates but to "advanced students" who may come to Oxford from any university, English, colonial or foreign. They read at their discretion when once permission has been given by the authorities to enter on an approved subject, the only control over them being that one or more "supervisors" are appointed, with whom they have an occasional interview at which they are expected to report their progress. Finally, two or three judges are appointed who decide whether, in the case of a would-be Bachelor, the product is meritorious; in the case of a Doctor, whether it is both meritorious and original. There is difficulty at every step. It is hard to know whether the student who offers himself is fit for the undertaking and to decide whether his theme is well chosen in itself and in regard to his powers and opportunities; and, finally, to determine whether or no he shall have the degree. On the last point especially there is not, and perhaps never can be, a fixed standard, and doubtless work of small merit will from time to time slip through among treatises which really add to our knowledge.

Of the latter class Mr. Bate's work is an example. He has been a scholar and fellow of the University of Liverpool before coming, already a graduate, to Oxford, and at Oxford has had the benefit of Professor Firth as his supervisor. He has also chosen a compact subject, concerning which, with a moderate amount of research in the great libraries, he has been able to discover and publish a good deal that is novel and valuable. His heart is in his work, and it does not much matter that he shows the temper of a militant dissenter. For the reigns of Charles II. and James II. are to our modern Nonconformists the heroic age. They are a little apt to ignore the provocation that had been given when the use of the Liturgy was made a crime and horses were stalled in our cathedrals, but they are within their rights in making the most of the sufferings of their confessors. These were serious enough and discreditable to the persecutors, among whom Archbishop Sheldon and Bishop Seth Ward of Salisbury were conspicuous. But, as Professor Firth in a valuable introduction points out, they were guilty of no innovation. The nation had been provoked beyond patience by the Marian persecution and by prolonged danger from Spain, and was unanimous in the belief that religious dissidence was a proper object of punishment. When division arose among a people thus convinced, it was inevitable that the same method should be employed. Puritans under Elizabeth and her successors, Anglicans under the Parliament and Commonwealth, had suffered alike; and if the Royalists had their turn at the Restoration they had every reason to think that the Puritans would retaliate if another change of fortune should come. No one could guess that public opinion was finally shaping itself in favour of toleration. It was in fact a mere accident that the Dissenters happened to be the depressed party at the last stage of persecution in England, and they cannot claim any credit to themselves from the circumstance. But it was their good fortune not only that persecution was near its end but also that this last attack was not systematically conducted nor heartily pressed. There was much wealth among the Dissenters, who probably formed, for instance, a majority in the City Guilds. They had influence to screen and money to support many of their ministers, and there was always a strong party among the great landlords which opposed the policy of Clarendon and Danby, and was able by private persuasion to check the persecuting activity of country magistrates. There was also a great deal of actual connivance. A blind eye was turned upon the meetings gathered by many an ejected minister, and the simple

device of engaging a conformist assistant enabled many to carry on flourishing schools in spite of the law which closed this employment to them, and even the Five Mile Act was ineffective in view of the fact that many important towns, such as Manchester, were not incorporated, and so were open for residence to silenced ministers. In fact the persecution was sufficient to irritate, not to suppress. And when by a change of policy the famous Declaration was issued in 1672 a hope of success was given which could never be withdrawn. Though the Indulgence lasted only for a year, it was obviously possible that it might soon be renewed and made permanent, and the organisation of dissenting societies was at once undertaken and kept up in spite of the renewal of prosecutions. Such societies would in any case have been founded, and we may doubt whether the trials they underwent affected to any great extent their number or their popularity. This is the tale Mr. Bate has undertaken to tell, and he has admirably performed his task, enriching his book with an abundance of local knowledge, chiefly of Lancashire affairs, and enlivening it with extracts from the ballads and satirical literature of the time. But his greatest service is that he is the first to give a complete list of preachers and buildings licensed in 1672. Devon and Somerset, London and Yorkshire, were the districts where Dissent abounded most.

NOVELS.

"The Dartmoor House that Jack Built." By John Trevena. London: Alston Rivers. 1909. 6s.

This book is a sort of interlude in the trilogy which Mr. John Trevena has set himself to write. It is a remarkable piece of work—remarkable especially through the slenderness of the material from which it is built. The author has conceived the happy idea of presenting the characters he has made familiar to us in another book as in a great state of anger and excitement about what has been written concerning them. Their one anxiety is to discover the identity of the person who has dared to make fun of them and to write such audacious libels about them. They are determined to have the "law on him". Save for a slight love interest which has no very direct bearing on the action of the story, the book consists of the narration of various attempts to discover the culprit. He is known to bear the name of John, and he is suspected in some way to be mysteriously connected with a stranger who is about to build a house. It is a tribute to the powers of Mr. Trevena that out of so slight a theme he has made a book of some four hundred pages. The story is told with irresistible humour, and although there is a certain sameness in the dialogue and some repetitions of situations, the interest is never allowed to flag. Ann Cobblestick, with her cow, butter, milking-stool, and her son "Willum", who knew the law because he had studied obsolete issues of Crockford and Whitaker, are delightful character studies. The author makes us intimately acquainted with them, mind, body and soul, and with many other equally precious West-country types. It is to be hoped that Mr. Trevena will not allow himself to be carried away by the ease and fluency with which he so obviously writes. At present as a rule he has himself well in hand and is master of his material, but there are occasional lapses which denote danger. Such stuff as this: "She had about as much idea of painting as a journalist has of the English language", "Matrimony is all very well for the man who has done everything else and tired himself", "There was a certain woman, and she was dumb, which was of course a terrible misfortune for her husband", is unworthy of a writer of the power and distinction of Mr. John Trevena.

"Moran of Kildally." By Lauchlan Maclean Watt. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1909. 6s.

We have heard of a Highlander in prosperous circumstances who reproved a musical daughter, home for the holidays, with "Why will ye be always playing reels,

Maggie—can ye no play a lament?" This story is exactly after that worthy gentleman's heart. And forbye all the characters speak his native dialect. For the frivolous Southron there is a glossary at the end of the book—if by any means he ever gets there.

"An Impending Sword." By Horace Annesley Vachell. London: Murray. 1909. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Vachell disarms criticism of this short "shocker" by saying he is sensible that "An Impending Sword" was forged by an apprentice. It seems, however, well devised to communicate something of the Damocles feeling to its readers.

"Geoffrey Cheriton." By John Barnett. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 6s.

A breezy unsophisticated story of a friendship between two present-day young men, which even love for the same lady is powerless to upset.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Memorials of Old Essex." Edited by A. Clifton Kelway. London: Bemrose. 1909. 15s. net.

"Essex." Painted by L. B. Bruhl. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. London: Black. 1909. 20s. net.

Essex is gradually coming by its own again. These two books on the Essex of the past and the Essex of the present will be a revelation to some who have treated the county with indifference hitherto. From Waltham to Colchester and Mersea, from Greensted to the Bartlow Hills, Essex is full of relics of a romantic past; from Saffron Walden to Wanstead, from Wickford to Chingford, from Havering atte Bower to Thaxted, from Heddingham to Dunmow, from the Rodings through Epping Forest to the very verge of London, there is a variety and charm of hill and woodland and meadow which at least induces a wonder how such a country ever became known as flat and uninteresting. The contributors to Mr. Clifton Kelway's volume have delved to good purpose into the county records and tell us all about the Ancient Britons and the Romans, the churches, the old houses, the worthies, and the superstitions of Essex: ground which has been covered in more detail, perhaps, by Morant and the Victorian County History. Mr. Hope Moncrieff is concerned only with the Essex which presents itself to the visitor who is satisfied with a little history and wants chiefly to gratify the eye. He has done the county pretty thoroughly, and his book to some extent explains why Essex is coming once more into favour. Some of the pictures are quite above the average in this class of colour work; they are a little fanciful at times, but in the main the artist has managed to avoid effects unlike anything in nature which are the usual outcome of an attempt to reproduce paintings by the three or any other colour process. In only one case does he fail hopelessly. His picture of Thaxted is suggestive of a bilious attack, and does not throw the wonderful church into the dominating relief which is the pathetic characteristic of a village that might have been a town with a history.

Messrs. Harpers publish as part of their series forming the "Library of Living Thought" two volumes (5s. net) by Svante Arrhenius, the Director of the Nobel Institute, Stockholm, with the title "The Life of the Universe", which is translated by Dr. H. Borns. The first volume is an account of ancient cosmogonies, the second of modern scientific conceptions and theories of the universe. "The Ether of Space" (2s. 6d. net), by Professor Oliver Lodge.—This book deals with a subject upon which he can speak with competent scientific knowledge, and fortunately the plan of the series does not permit him to wander outside his subject into doubtful metaphysical and theological speculations which are scientific romance rather than science. "The Origin of the New Testament" (2s. 6d. net) is by Dr. William Wrede, Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Breslau, and is translated by the Rev. James S. Hill. The results of modern criticism on the history of the New Testament are stated where they admit of definite statement; where they conflict with older theories and are doubtful they are stated without dogmatism. The reader need not fear any want of reverence or due consideration for the religious feelings of any school of thought, and it should be useful and interesting to those who care for a subject at once literary and historical. "Christianity

and Islam" (2s. 6d. net), by Dr. C. H. Becker, Professor of Oriental History in the Colonial Institute of Hamburg, translated by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor.—The conception of the mutual interaction between Christianity and Islam is presented in this essay with singular conciseness and clearness. The subject is one with which English readers are not very familiar, and it will be found exceedingly suggestive. We may say of this and the other books of the series that they are serious studies. They are not technical (except some mathematical portions of Professor Lodge's book), but they make no concessions to science made easy for vulgar readers.

"The Political Future of India." A Prize Essay. By H. P. Mody. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Laidlaw M.P., who is connected with India, offered a substantial prize for the best essay on the present movement towards self-government. The prize has gone to Mr. H. P. Mody, a Bombay Parsee, and he has been fortunate in his judges. He belongs to the "Constitutionalist" or "Moderate" branch of the Congress party, and his essay is largely made up of their characteristic windy and vain platitudes about "educated" people such as himself and his fellows being "the natural leaders" of the people. He sees the vision of a united "India"; the British Government having converted the scattered races and principalities into a single "nation". The English language is to supplant the various vernaculars; caste is to disappear and the zenana with it; as for religious differences—well, they really don't matter, though his own remarks show how wide and deep they extend. The Mohammedans really must abandon their present attitude, and education (English, of course) will do the rest! This golden age of universal brotherhood is to arrive in fifty years, and complete autonomy will follow in another half-century. Mr. Mody is in a dilemma. He cannot free his (adopted) native land without British rule, and he cannot have a free native land with British rule. The interest of the volume would have been vastly increased by an essay whose writer is described as "the best representative of the large and voiceless class of conservative Hindu patriots". The views of such a person would be more valuable than the opinions of Parsis and Europeans.

"Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XV. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 15s. net.

The new volume of the Dictionary takes us from Owens to Pockrich: in both number and quality the Ps compare favourably with any other initial. There are many extremely interesting biographies in the volume. Among the principal are the Hon. George Peel's Sir Robert Peel, "weightiest orator" of his time and "the most refined master of persuasion"; Mr. G. F. Russell Barker's Chatham, and the Rev. W. Hunt's Pitt; Mr. J. A. Hamilton's Spencer Perceval, and Leslie Stephen's Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man", whose adventures in Europe and America were as remarkable in their way as his writings; Mr. J. M. Rigg's Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, and Leslie Stephen's Samuel Parr, "the Whig Johnson"; the Rev. W. Hunt's Matthew Paris, historian and monk, and Mr. Bass Mullinger's Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury; Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's Sir Harry Parkes, the diplomatist—we have to wait for the Supplement for Sir Henry Parkes, the Australian statesman—and an anonymous contributor's C. S. Parnell. Anonymity is so rare in the D.N.B. that curiosity is naturally whetted as to the authorship in this case. Palmerston appears, of course, not in this section, but under Temple, in accordance with the practice of the Dictionary.

"A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy E. Henderson. London: Seeley. 1909. 16s. net.

It is not very easy to understand the title given to this book, for Major Henderson hardly visited the districts which are commonly known as "the Balkans". He saw something of Dalmatia, Hungary, and Montenegro, but the principal part of the work is devoted to a very thorough tour in Bosnia and Herzegovina. He does not intrude his opinions on political questions, if he has any, and possesses little power of graphic narration. In fact, his style is often bald in the extreme, and hardly rises above "Baedeker"; but on the other hand, the book has the merits of "Baedeker"; it makes an excellent guide for anyone intending to visit the two provinces about which Europe is quarrelling. If anyone wants to know what Austria has effected in thirty years in a country which when she took it over was as wild and barbarous as Macedonia, he can gather it from these extremely matter-of-fact pages. This indeed gives the book the only merit it possesses, and it carries conviction far more successfully to the mind than if it were the strongly worded work of a partisan.

"The Third French Republic." By F. Lawton. London: Grant Richards. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

From M. Hanotaux downwards various writers have been giving us histories of or commentaries on the existing régime in France. The best commentary on it is the present state of things in the country and the position of France as a European Power. Mr. Lawton is a partisan of the Parliamentary Republic sans phrase, and the greater part of this volume consists of a mere epitome of the political history of France from 1870 to the present time. It has neither distinction of style nor particular information to raise it above or beyond other sketches of the same kind. On the whole it is accurate, but it fails to give the Catholic case with any real force or fairness. We really cannot see any adequate excuse for bringing out this kind of thing in a large volume with elaborate illustrations. It is not attractive in itself, nor made justifiable by profound acquaintance with diplomatic history. The chapters on literature, science, and art are ludicrously inadequate if they are intended to give English readers any idea of the great French writers and artists of the last thirty years.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Mai.

We were getting, we must confess, a little tired of M. Ollivier and his endless disquisitions on the "Liberal Empire", but he has certainly thrown new lights on history in his articles on the origin of the war of 1870, the third of which appears in this number. France had a diplomatic victory within her grasp, and the Emperor and his entourage, out of fear of the Opposition, wantonly exposed her to the risks of an unsuccessful war. M. Ollivier showed great weakness in not resigning when his hand was forced; he would have been justified by history. M. Marcel Prévost gives us the last chapters of his fine novel "Pierre et Thérèse", and M. Vialatte discourses on Pan-Americanism under the ægis of the United States. He regrets that the small States of South America still distrust their big neighbour in the North; et pour cause! M. Fagnat gives us an interesting study of M. de Valincourt, who was a man of the world and a critic of distinction at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries.

LITERARY NOTES.

Publishers and booksellers complain of quiet times. They trace the lack of business in more costly new books to the cheap reprint in general and the sevenpenny reprint in particular. Some of them are preparing to meet the sevenpenny invasion by competition. Messrs. Macmillan have a new popular library coming. If sevenpence is to be the price generally, the shilling charged for the volumes in Mr. Dent's Everyman's Library will soon appear to be almost expensive.

Messrs. Constable will publish on Monday—Empire Day—Sir George Arthur's "Story of the Household Cavalry". They have nearly ready Mr. Frank W. Lewis' volume on "State Insurance", in which the practice of other countries will be examined and explained.

The Oxford University Press are preparing a new library edition of Shelley's works to be printed in Fell type. "The Faery Queen" being edited by Mr. J. C. Smith and the remainder by Dr. de Selincourt. An anthology of "The Englishman in Italy", arranged by Mr. G. H. Wollaston, will be published by the same house shortly.

Messrs. Bell will issue in June the first volume of Miss Alice Greenwood's "Hanoverian Queens of England", which is intended as a continuation of Miss Strickland's work.

"The Exile of St. Helena—the Last Phase in Fact and Fiction", by Philippe Gounard, another "Napoleon legend" book, is promised by Mr. Heinemann immediately.

Another book of Napoleonic interest is Dr. Holland Rose's "History of Malta from 1798 to 1815", which Messrs. Longman will issue.

"Body and Soul", by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, dealing with the question of faith healing from the point of view of the Church, and "Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester"—a new volume in the Makers of National History Series—by Canon Beeching, who promises new material from the Chapter Records, are about to be published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Son.

"The Pyrenees" by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, "In Unknown Tuscany" by Mr. Edward Hutton, and "The Condition of England" by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman are three books on Messrs. Methuen's forthcoming list.

ERRATUM.—In last week's note on the Dickens case the comma after "suspected" should have been omitted.

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From a Student.

Billericay, Essex, August 31, 1908.

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(Signed) ROBERT AMENT.

From a Stock-breeder.

Lower Court Farm, Long Ashton, July 4, 1908.

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